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1918

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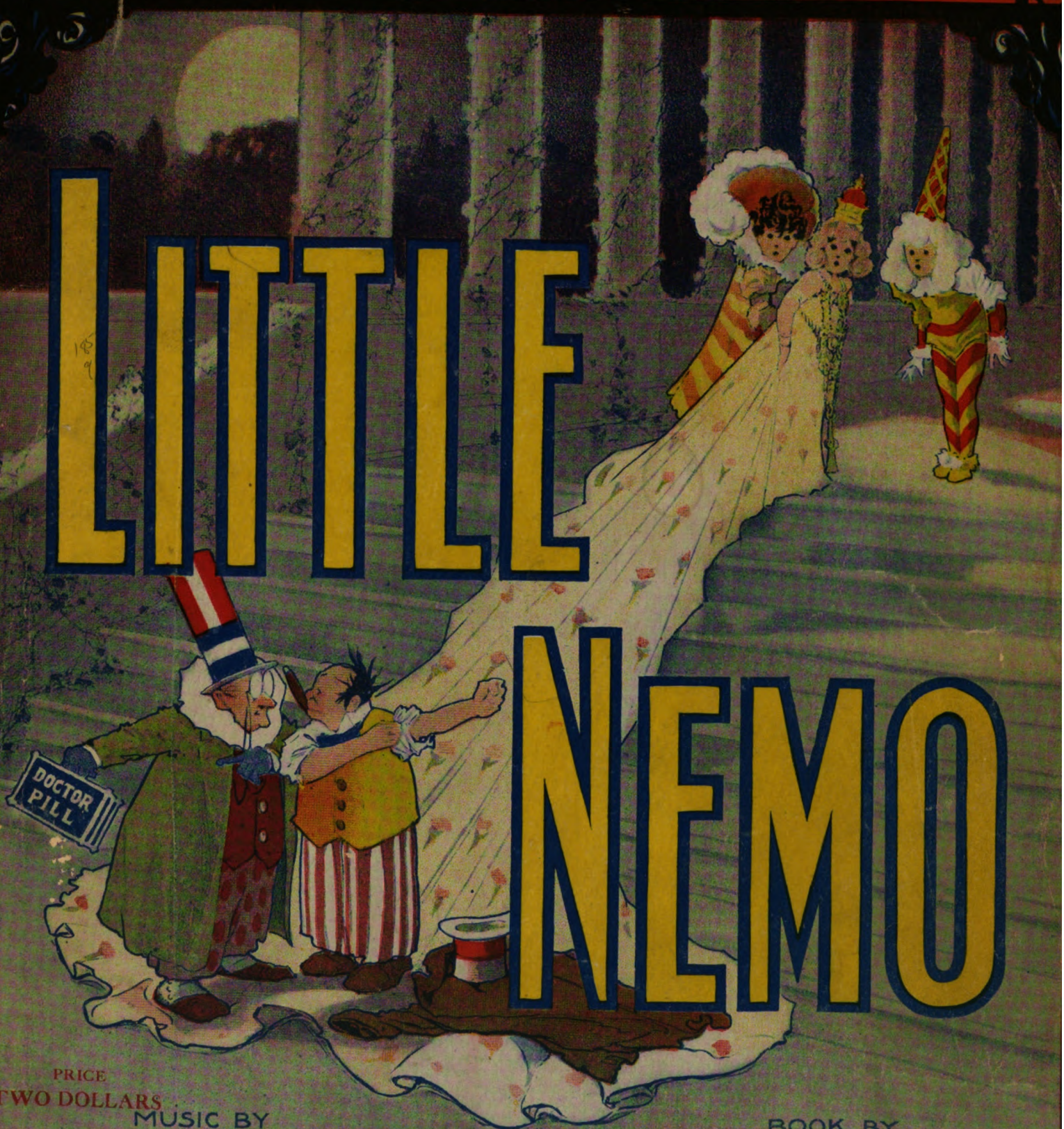
LITTLE NEMO



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TWO DOLLARS

MUSIC BY
VICTOR HERBERT

BOOK BY
HARRY B. SMITH

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Present

"LITTLE NEMO."

BOOK BY

HARRY B. SMITH.

MUSIC BY

VICTOR HERBERT.

Based on Winsor Mc Cay's Cartoons.

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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Dr. Pill	JOSEPH CAWTHORN
Flip	BILLY B. VAN
Dancing Missionary	HARRY KELLY
Little Nemo	MASTER GABRIEL
King Morpheus of Slumberland; also Cannibal King	W. W. BLACK
Captain Grouch, a gentlemen pirate	LOUIS F. BARNES
Gladys, a cat, and other animals	DAVE ABRAMS
Blackbeard, a pirate	AL. LAMAR
Red Rover, Pirate; also Algie, a nervous Patient,	SIM COLLINS
Demon Dan, Pirate; also Mr. Foote, a gouty Patient,	LOUIS HART
Officer of the guard	EDWARD B. KRAMER
Candy Kid	FLORENCE TEMPEST
The Little Princess	AIMEE EHRLICH
The Valentine Fairy; also Captain of Battleship,	ALBERTINA BENSON
Weather Vane	ELPHYE SNOWDEN
Mrs. Nemo	ROSE BEAUMONT
Sally; also Maggie, a hysterical Patient	MADELEINE MARSHALL
Tilly	MILDRED MANNING
Betty	SUNSHINE IJAMES

ANIMAL MEN.

Mr. Beattie, Ostrich; Mr. Hanlon, Pelican; Messrs. Silbe and Wallace, Giraffe; Mr. O'Dowed, Monkey; Mr. Baron, Lion; Mr. Harrison, Tiger; Mr. Paul, Kangaroo.

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SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

ACT I.

SCENE 1. Slumberland. Playroom of the Little Princess.

SCENE 2. Children's Playground in a Park.

SCENE 3. Nemo's Bed Room.

SCENE 4. The Land of the Fairies of St. Valentine.

ACT II.

SCENE 1. Office of Weather Factory.

SCENE 2. The Table D'Hote Islands.

SCENE 3. Amusement Park.

SCENE 4. Little Nemo's Bed Room.

SCENE 5. Palace of Patriotims in Slumberland.

ACT III.

SCENE 1. The Deck of a Pirate Ship.

SCENE 2. The Deck of a Battleship.

SCENE 3. Slumberland.

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SYNOPSIS OF MUSICAL NUMBERS.

ACT I

OPENING CHORUS.

(a) "SLUMBERLAND"

(b) "I WANT TO BE A NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL" — The Little Princess.

"THE HAPPY LAND OF ONCE-UPON-A-TIME" — Candy Kid and Chorus.

ENTRANCE AND SONG OF KING MORPHEUS — King and male Chorus.

"THERE IS NOTHING THE MATTER WITH ME" — Dr. Pill, King Morpheus, The Dancing Missionary, Algie Mr. Foote and Maggie.

"BLOW UPON THE BUGLES" — Chorus of Children in Park.

"WON'T YOU BE MY PLAYMATE?" — The Little Princess, Little Nemo and Chorus.

NEWSPAPER TRIO — Dr. Pill, Flip and Dancing Missionary.

VALENTINE FAIRY SONGS,

"WHEN CUPID IS A POSTMAN"
"WON'T YOU BY MY VALENTINE" } The Valentine Fairy and Chorus.

MARCH OF THE VALENTINES.

"AWAY WE'LL FLOAT" — Entire Company.

ACT II

OPENING CHORUS:

(THE WEATHER FACTORY) — Weather Vane and Chorus.

"WEATHER VANE" — Weather Vane, Barometer Girl and Flip.

CHORUS — Sunbeams, Snowflakes and Raindrops.

THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS — Storm and Melodramatic Music.

"WILL OF THE WISP" — Candy Kid and Cannibal Islanders.

THE BARBECUE — Ensemble.

"IF I COULD TEACH MY TEDDY BEAR TO DANCE" — Betty, Dancing Missionary and Bear.

REVIEW OF ATHLETES (Descriptive)

"I GUESS I TALK TOO MUCH" — Little Nemo.

"I WOULDN'T TAKE A CASE LIKE THAT" — Dr. Pill.

NEMO'S DREAM OF 4th OF JULY AND ENTRANCE OF SCHOOL CHILDREN (Descriptive)

"REMEMBER THE OLD CONTINENTALS" — Captain Grouch.

FINALE — "THE CHIME OF THE LIBERTY BELL" — Entire Company.

ACT III

"GIVE US A FLEET." — The Valentine Fairy and Chorus.

"HAPPY SLUMBERLAND" — Little Nemo, Candy Kid, Little Princess, Weather Vane, Captain of the Battleship, Sally and Petty.

FINALE — Entire Company.

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OPENING CHORUS.

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Music by
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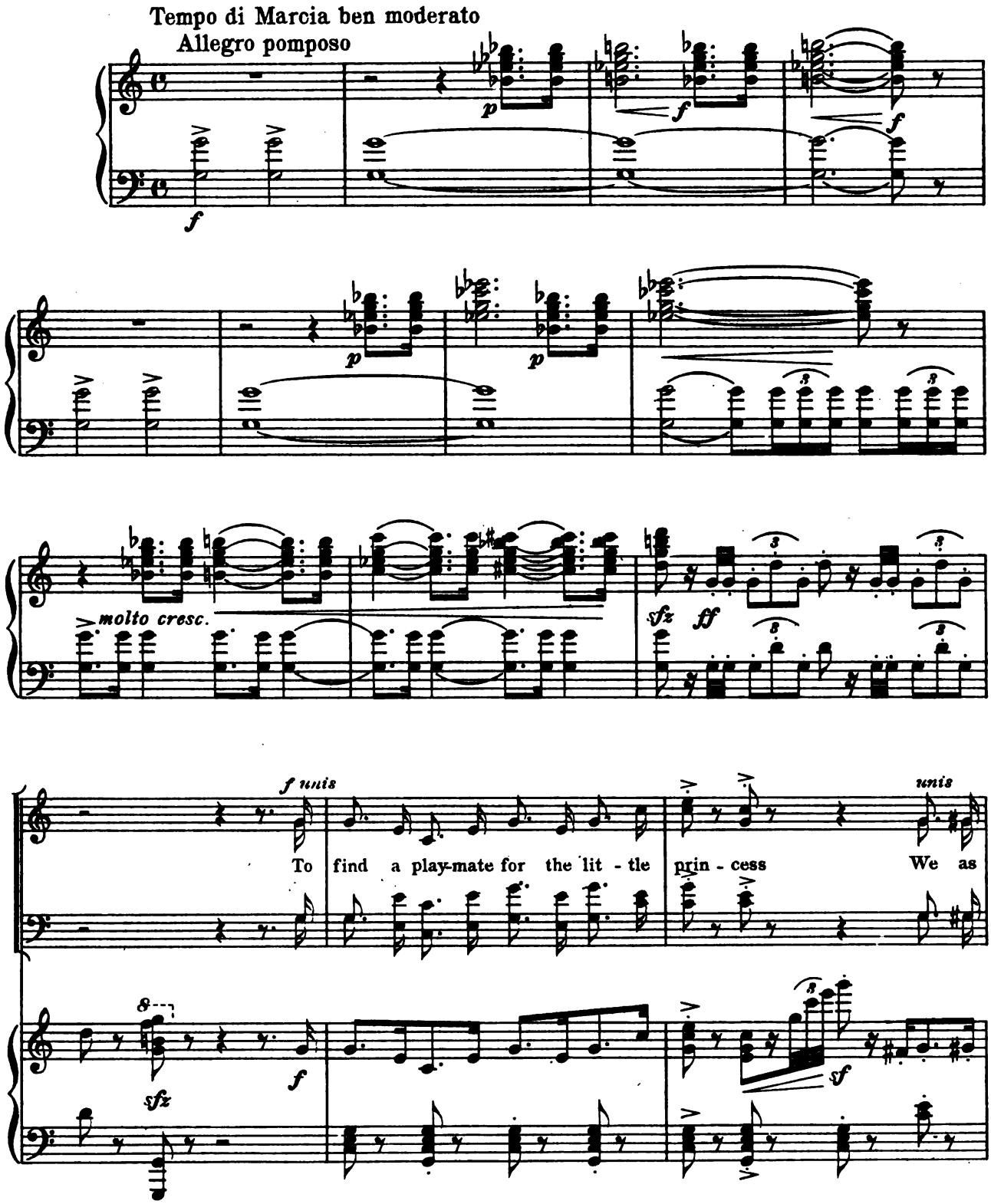

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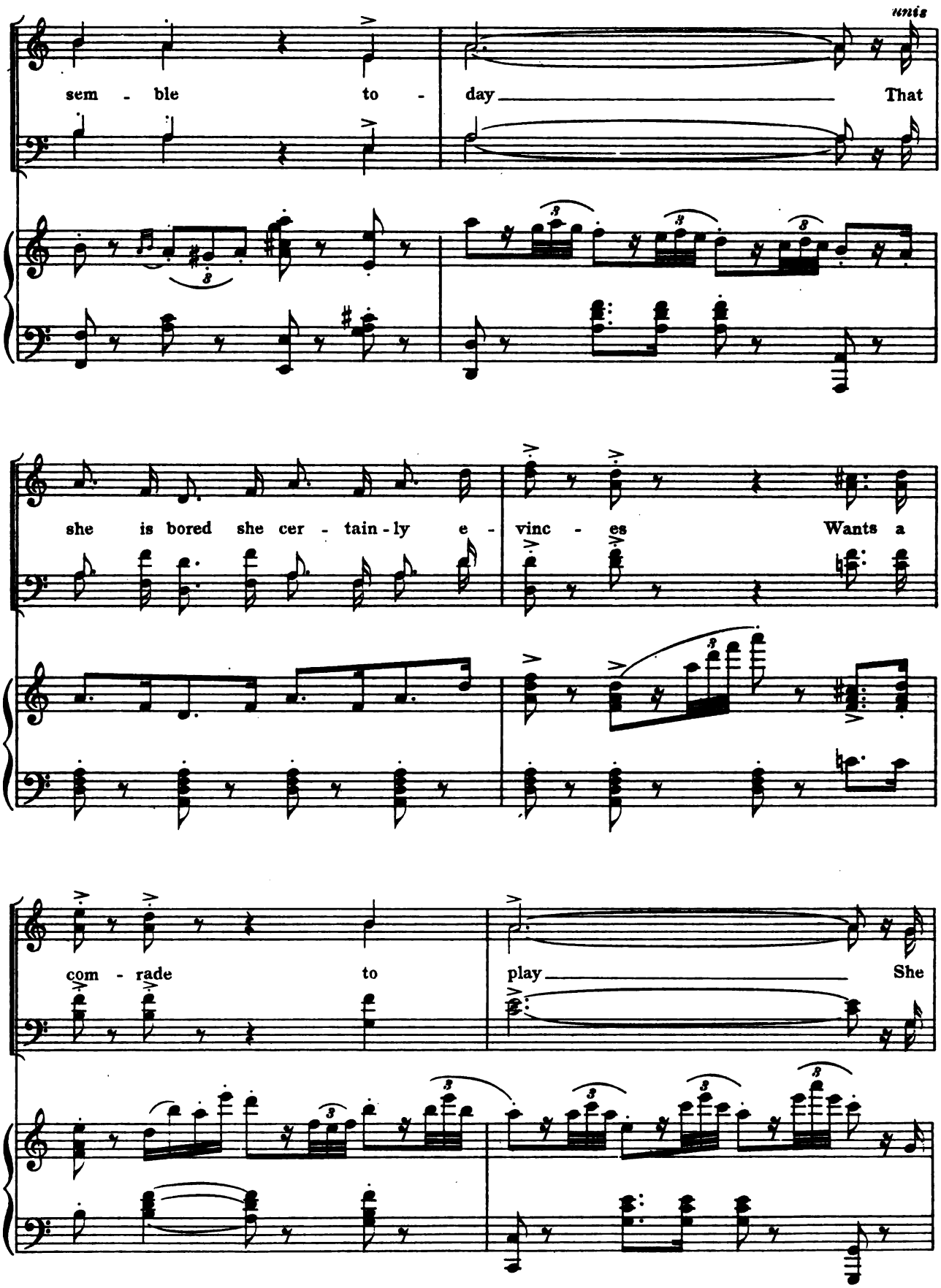

Op.Cho.

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sits a - round all day so sad and lone - ly To mope she

is in - clined She

unis

wants a lit - tle play - mate and one on - ly That one

unis

Op. Cho.

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we must find King

mf

Mor - phe - us is wor - ried that his daugh - ter of toys quick - ly

centando

tires So let us seek o'er dis - tant land and wa - ter, The

Op. Cho.

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lad she re - quires

Go, look to the North

and look to the South,

Go seek in the East and

West

For a boy of the sort

Op. Cho.

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— to bring to this Court, For the lit - tle prin - cess we love

To the North to the

best.

South to the East to the

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West North South

North and South

North South

East West

East and West

East West

più cresc.

Search search

fp

ff

find a lit - tle play - mate For the prin - cess we love

allarg.

ff

sffz

Op.Cho.

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best

ff

tutta sforza

ff

dim.

sempre dim.

pp

Poco piu mosso. (The Little Princess is disclosed.)

8

pp

8

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I WANT TO BE A NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

(The Little Princess comes down stage.)

Harp.

Harp.

pp

LITTLE PRINCESS.

semplice

p

Prin-cess-es don't have much fun I am tired of be-ing one

Sit-ting on this throne all day It is far from be-ing gay

poco rit.

poco rit.

a tempo

From our porch in dream land clouds I see chil-dren oh such crowds

a tempo

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poco rit.

I'd give ev' - ry jewel and gem for one good old

poco rit.

romp with them I

pp

rit. *ten.* *a tempo*

want to be a naugh - ty lit - tle girl and a

rit. *mf*

scrap - py lit - tle girl, but a hap - py lit - tle girl, too

Op.Cho.

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long I've been a haugh - ty lit - tle girl, with my

hair in per - fect curl I want to play with

poco rit. *ten.*

poco rit.

a tempo

oth - er lit - tle girls and with oth - er lit - tle boys and I'd

make a lot of noise, Long e - nough I've stood be - ing good, good, good Oh I

poco rit.

poco rit.

Op. Cho.

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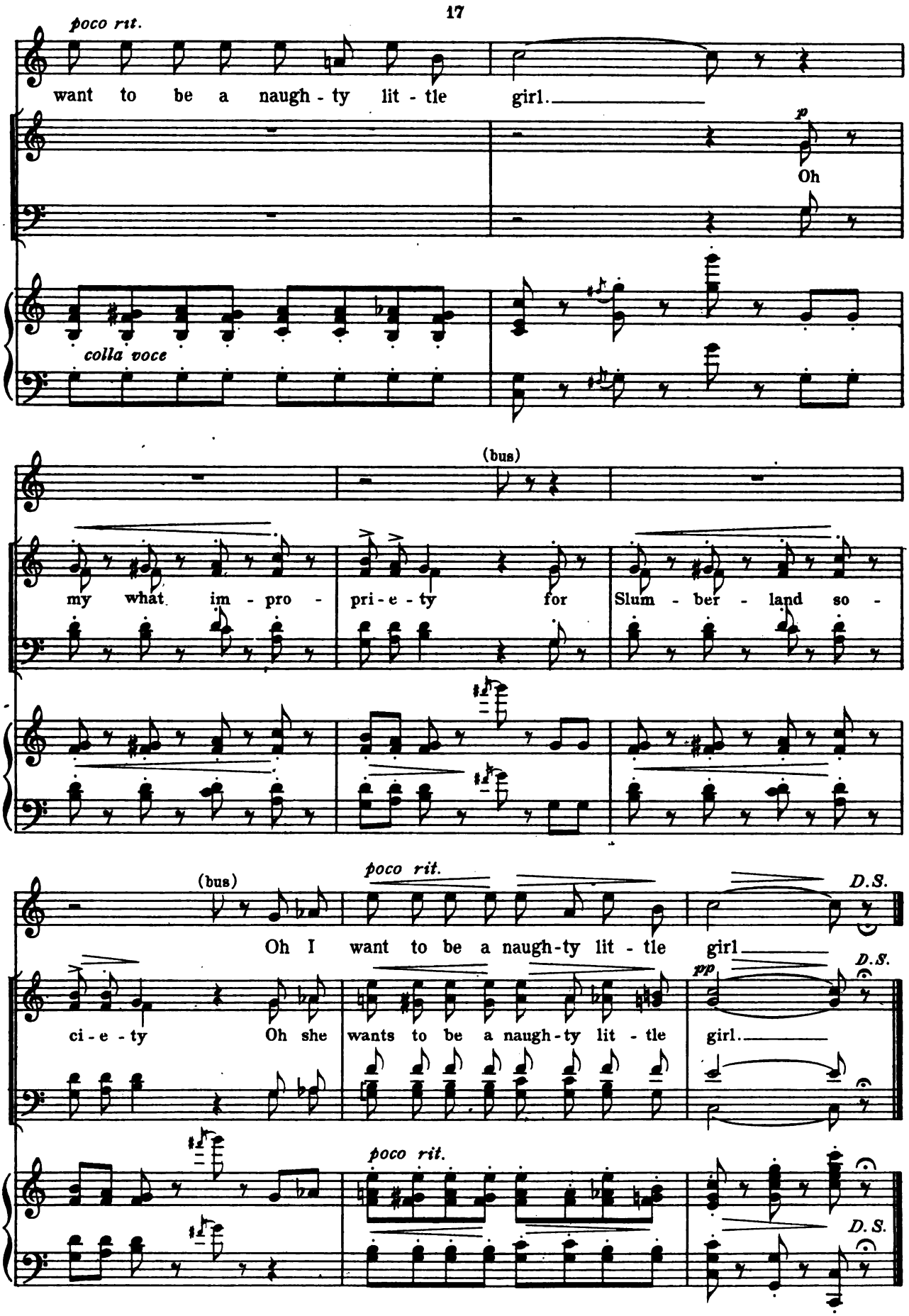

Op.Cho.

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THE HAPPY LAND OF ONCE UPON A TIME.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

Grazioso e moderato.

p *f* *dim.*

There's a land of child-hood fan-cies, that is filled with old ro-man-ces, 'tis a
You'll re - member well for - ev - er Puss in Boots he was so clev-er, how I'd

pp

realm of fair-y tale and jing-ling rhyme — And the chil-dren of all a-ges, from the
like to have a cat as smart as he — There was lit - tle Good-y Two Shoes with her

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ba-bies to the sa-ges, love that hap-py land of Once up-on a Time Of those
pret-ty pair of new shoes, was there ev-er an-y girl as proud as she? Then the

fas-cin-a-ting sto-ries I re-mem-ber best the glo-ries of sweet
Brown ies quaint and fun-ny with their fa-ces bright and sun-ny they were

Cin-de-rel-la danc-ing at the ball There was Jack who killed the Gi-ant, so he-
like a jol-ly Christmas pan-to-mime And Boy Blue and sly Miss Muffett, who would

ro-ic and de-fi-ant, and Ri-ding Hood! I loved her best of all.
sit up-on a "tuf-fet" In that hap-py land of once up-on a time.

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Dear old friend of the gold - en days,

pp grazioso

Com - rades all in my games and plays,

Life was like a hol - i - day, the world was in her prime, In the

hap - py land of Once up - on a Time.

f

The happy land etc.

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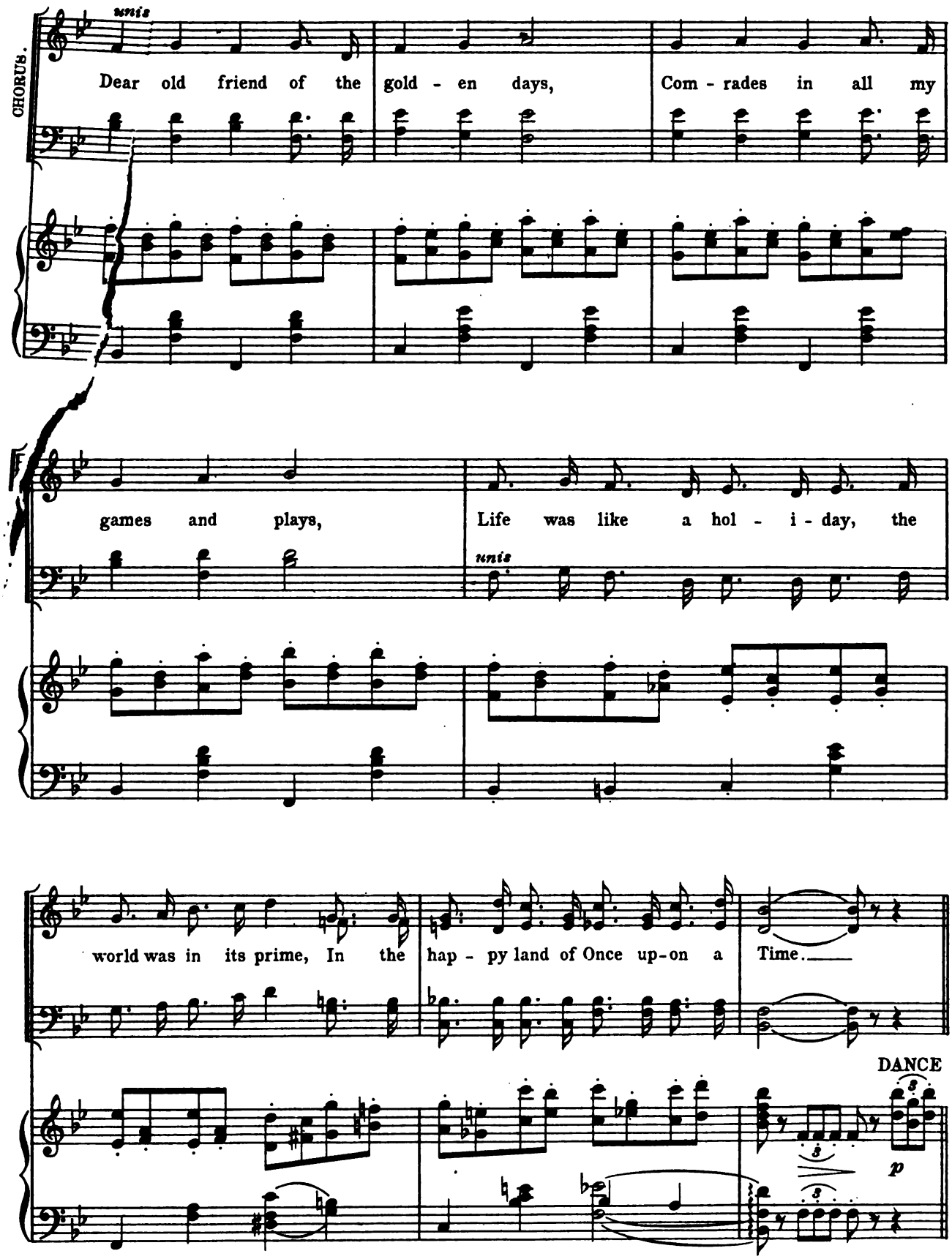

The happy land etc.

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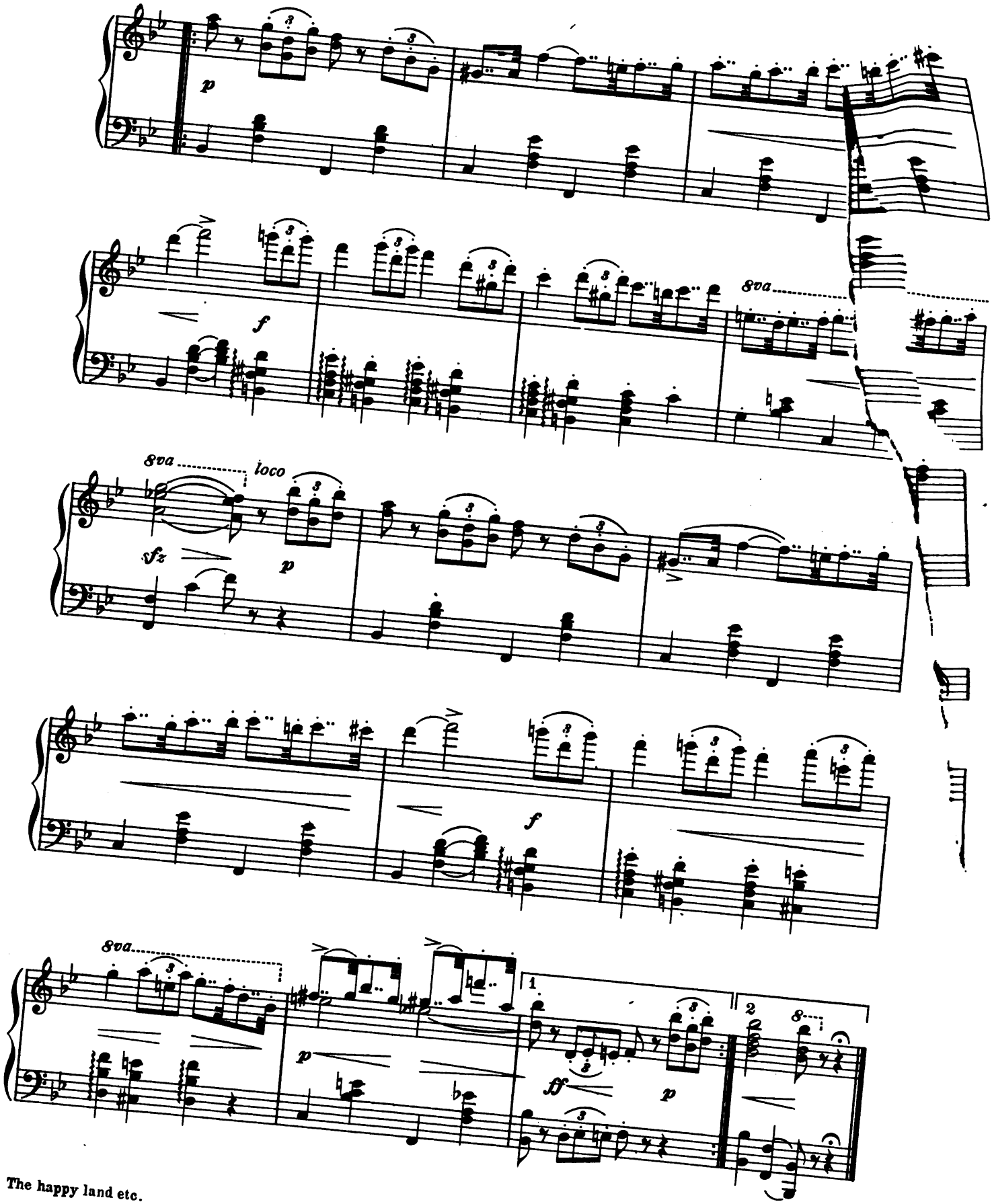

The happy land etc.

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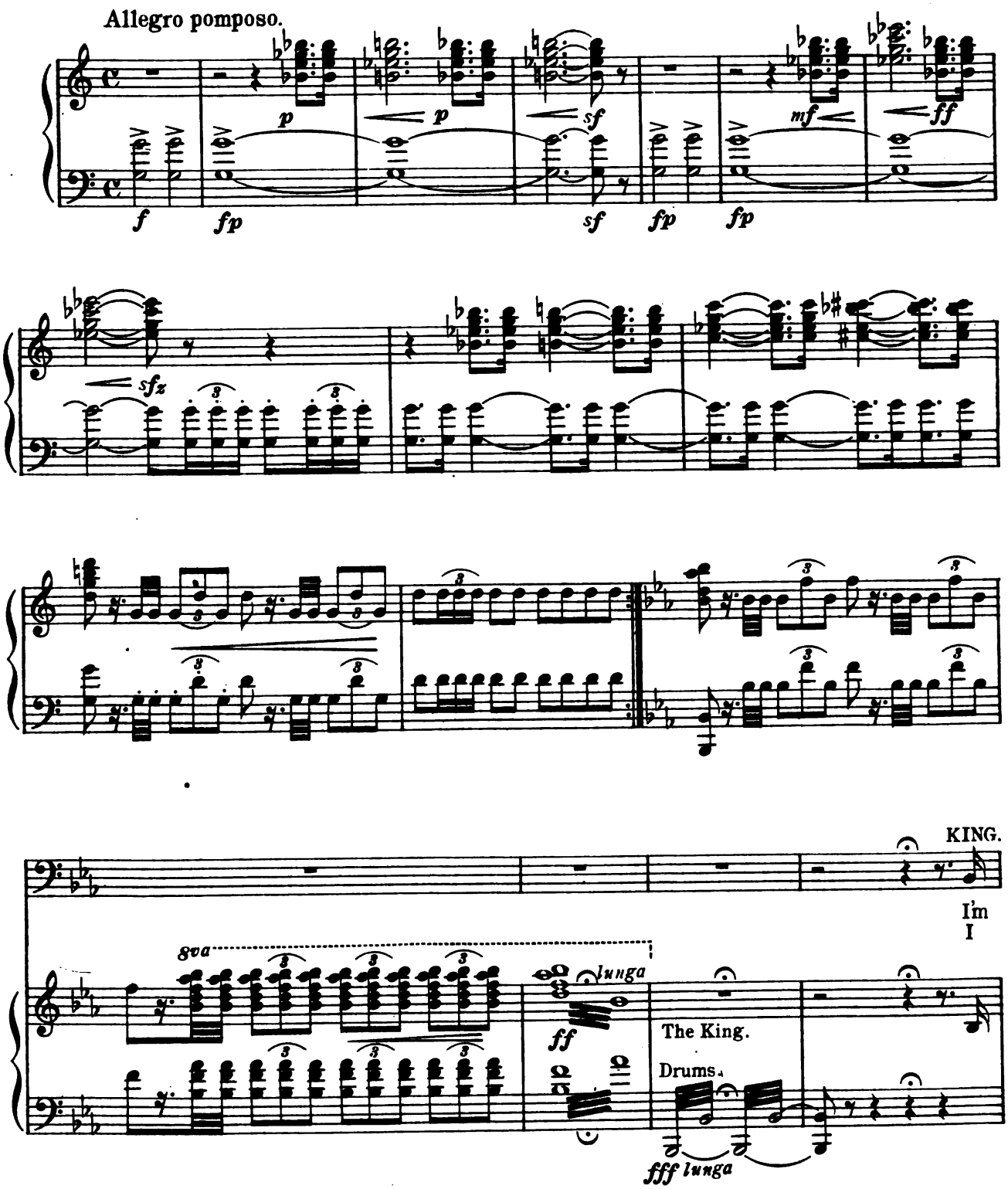
WHAT FOOLS WE MORTALS BE.

Entrance and Song of King Morpheus.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro pomposo.



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just a - bout the jol - liest King that ev - er was on view, I
see the av' - rage busi - ness man a - work - ing hard all day, He

sfz

reign in Slum - ber - land, in man - ner blithe and bland. My
does not need more dough, he likes to hus - tle though. He's

sub - jects think I am a joke and I think I am too, And
got the hab - it, hates to see a nic - kel get a - way, He's

so we get a - long, our life one com - ic song. From
try - ing now to snare, some oth - er fel - lows share. At

What fools &c.

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Slum - ber - land I get of earth a kind of Birds - eye view. Those
fif - ty he's a wreck, dy - spep - sia, gout and heart di - sease. He

fel - lows on the earth, pro - voke my roy - al mirth, When
can't have an - y fun, but, say, he has a son; And

I see all the fun - ny things those hum - an crit - ters do. I
Wil - lie gets his pa - pa's cash and blows it in with ease, While

rall. *meno mosso.*

gig - gle up my roy - al sleeve and chuck - le quite a few. They are a
daugh - ter spends her share to buy a tit - led piece of cheese. They are a

rall. *meno mosso.*

What fools &c.

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joke, ha, ha, ha, ha! an aw - ful joke, ha, ha, ha, ha! They are bet - ter than a min-strel show to
joke, ha, ha, ha, ha! a love - ly joke, ha, ha, ha, ha! They are bet - ter than a pan - to - mime to

Scherzando.

portato

me. How I laugh in roy-al glee, Ho, ho, ho, he, he, he, he! Oh what
me. How I laugh in roy-al glee, Ha, ha, ha, he, he, he, he! Oh what

rall. *a tempo*

fools, oh my what fools those mor-tals be.
fools, oh my what fools these mor-tals be.

CHORUS.

f

How he

f

rall. *a tempo* *f*

What fools &c.

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unis.

laughs in roy - al glee ha, ha, ha, he, he, he, he! Oh what

unis.

sffz

fools, oh my what fools those mor - tals bel

tr

sfz

D.S.

sfz

What fools &c.

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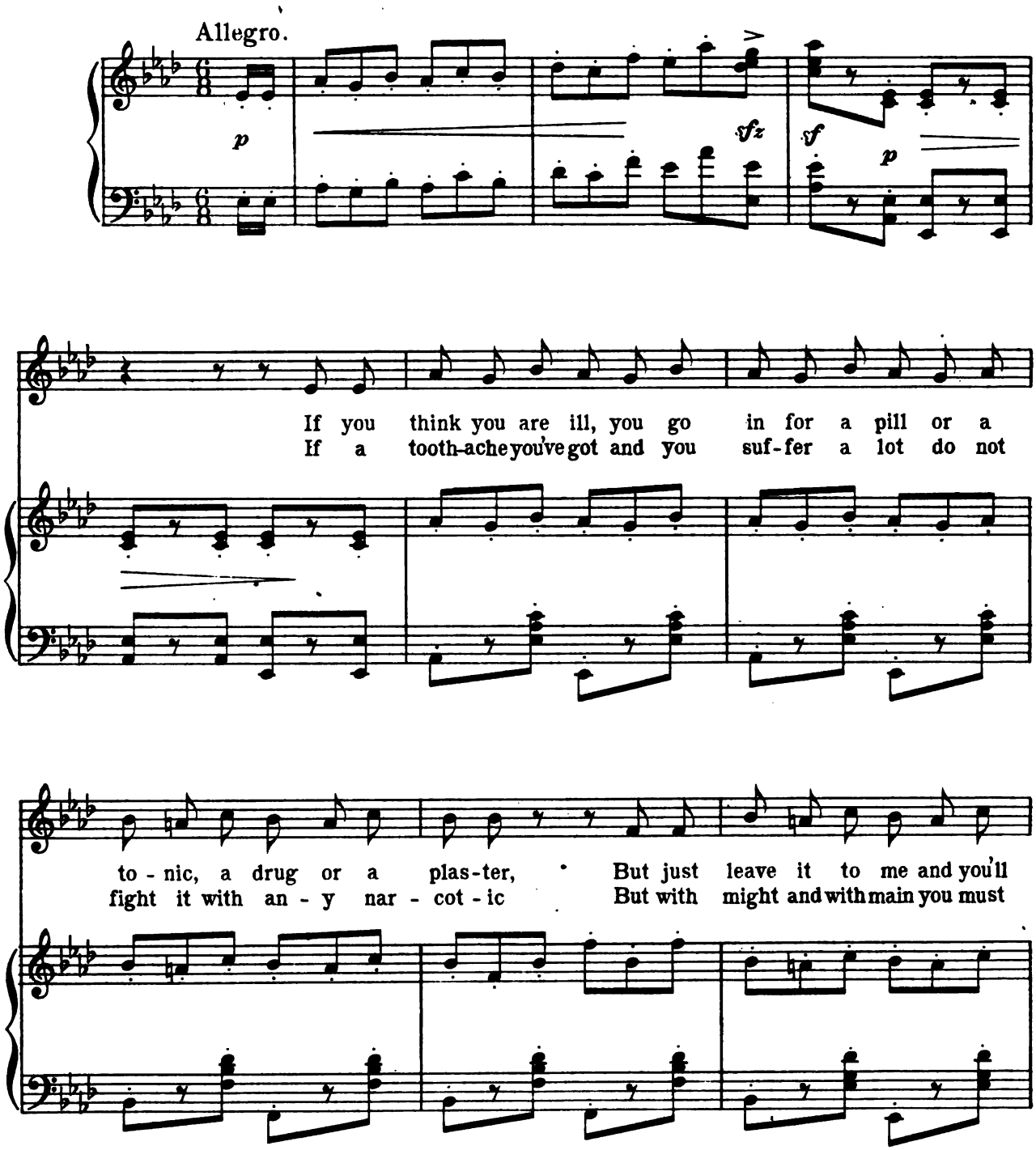
THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER WITH YOU

Trio.

(Dr. Pill, King and Missionary.)

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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ver - y soon see I can do for you ver - y much fast - er If
think and the pain will soon yield to the pow - er hyp - not - ic If a

you have a pain till you're al - most in - sane, and you
leg you should break it no dif' - rence will make just think

feel you are rap - id - ly sink - ing I'll speed - i - ly stop it and
hard that your leg is all sound Put your foot down and say "I can

cause you to drop it, if you think that you think you are think - ing There's
walk right a - way and you'll find you will cov - er the ground

There's nothing etc.

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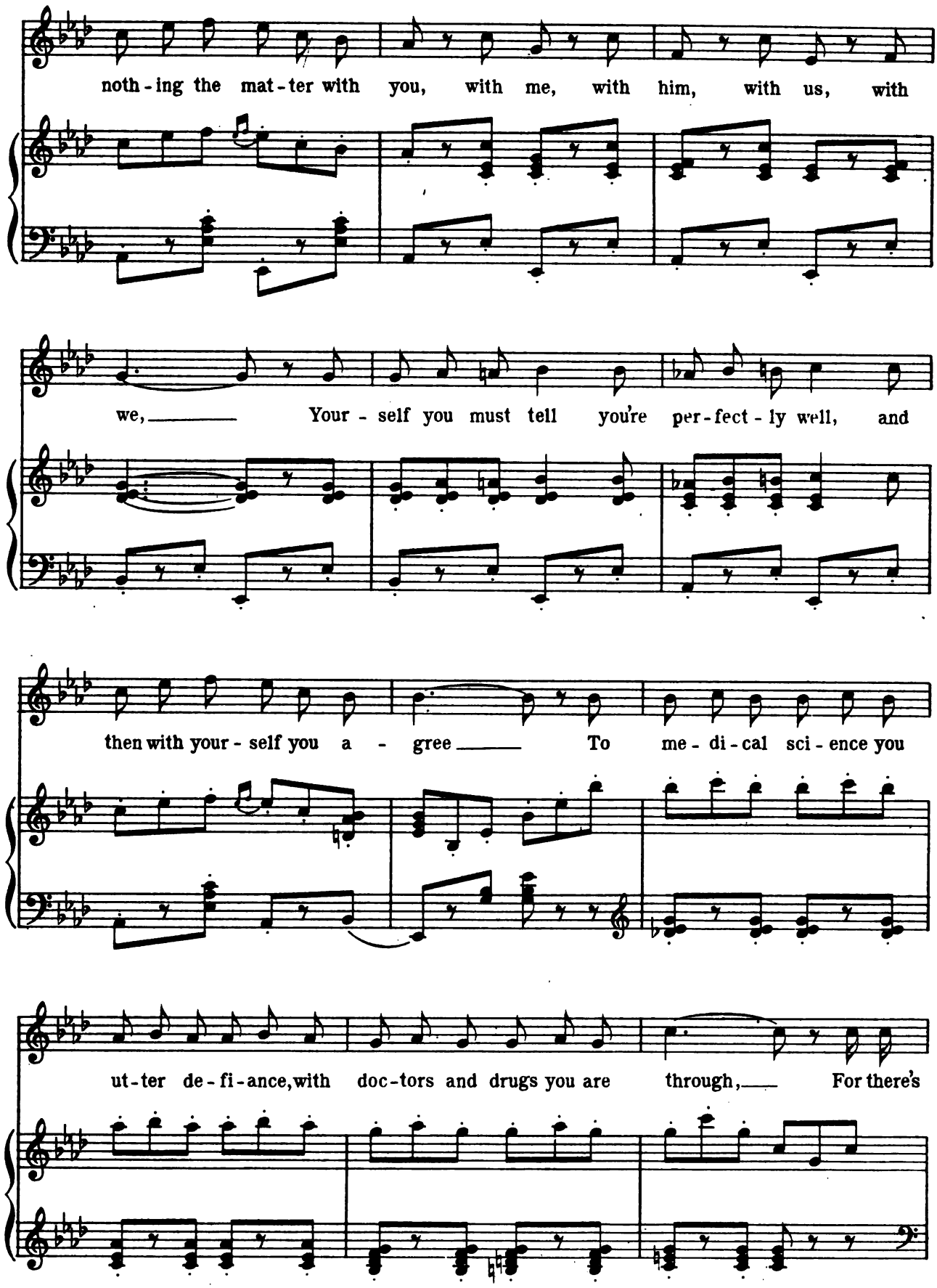

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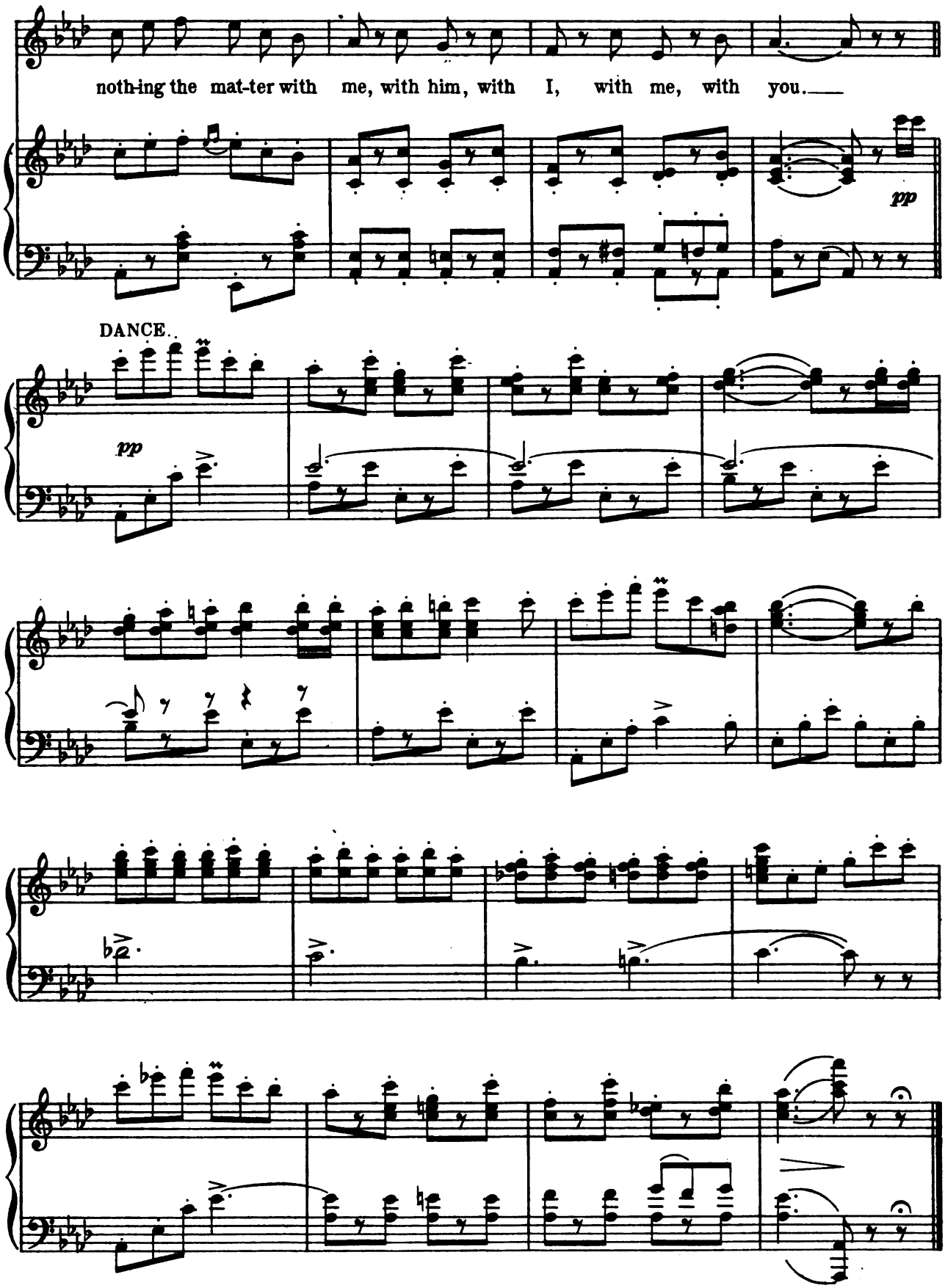

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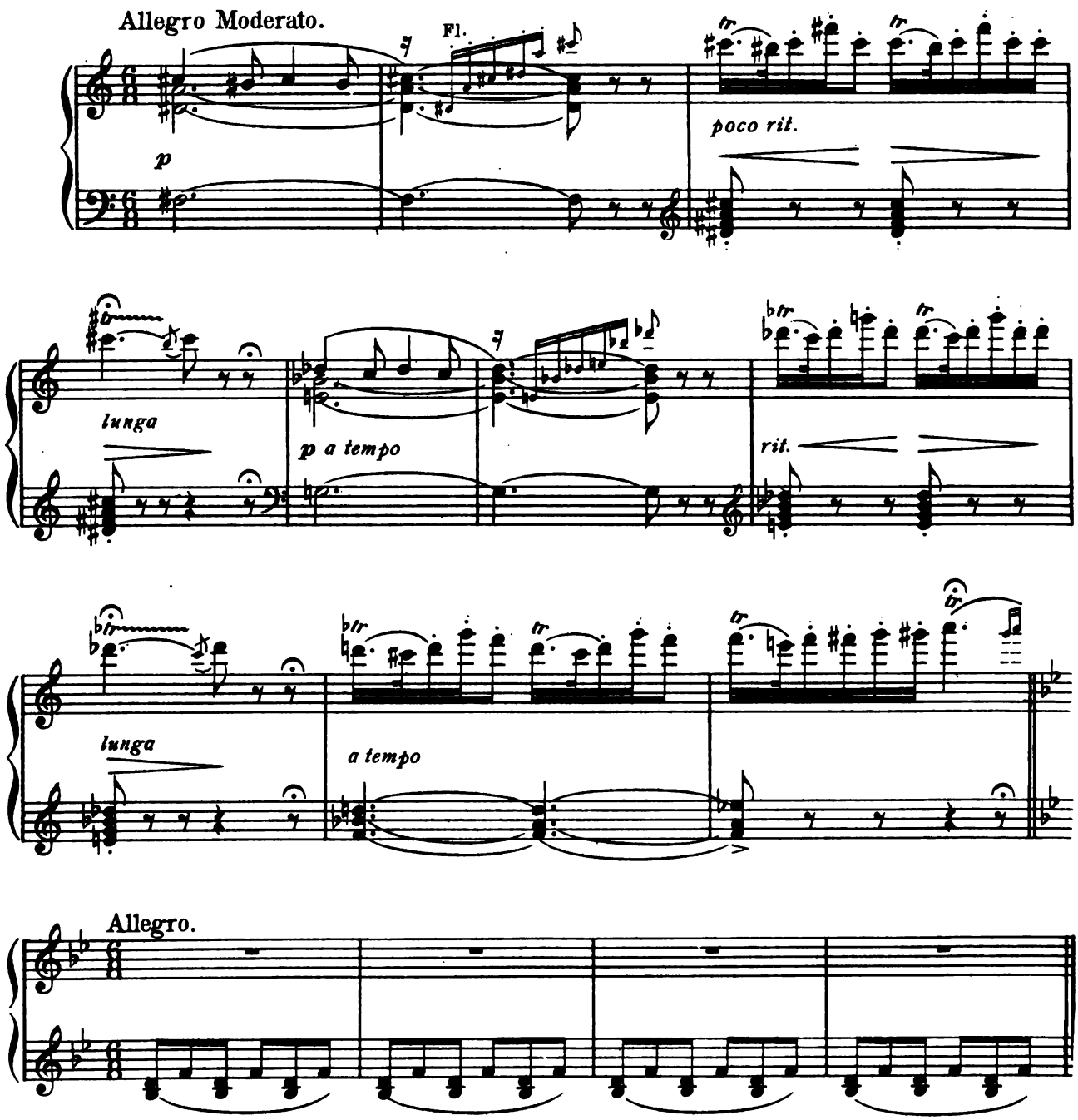
OPENING PRELUDE.

Central Park Scene.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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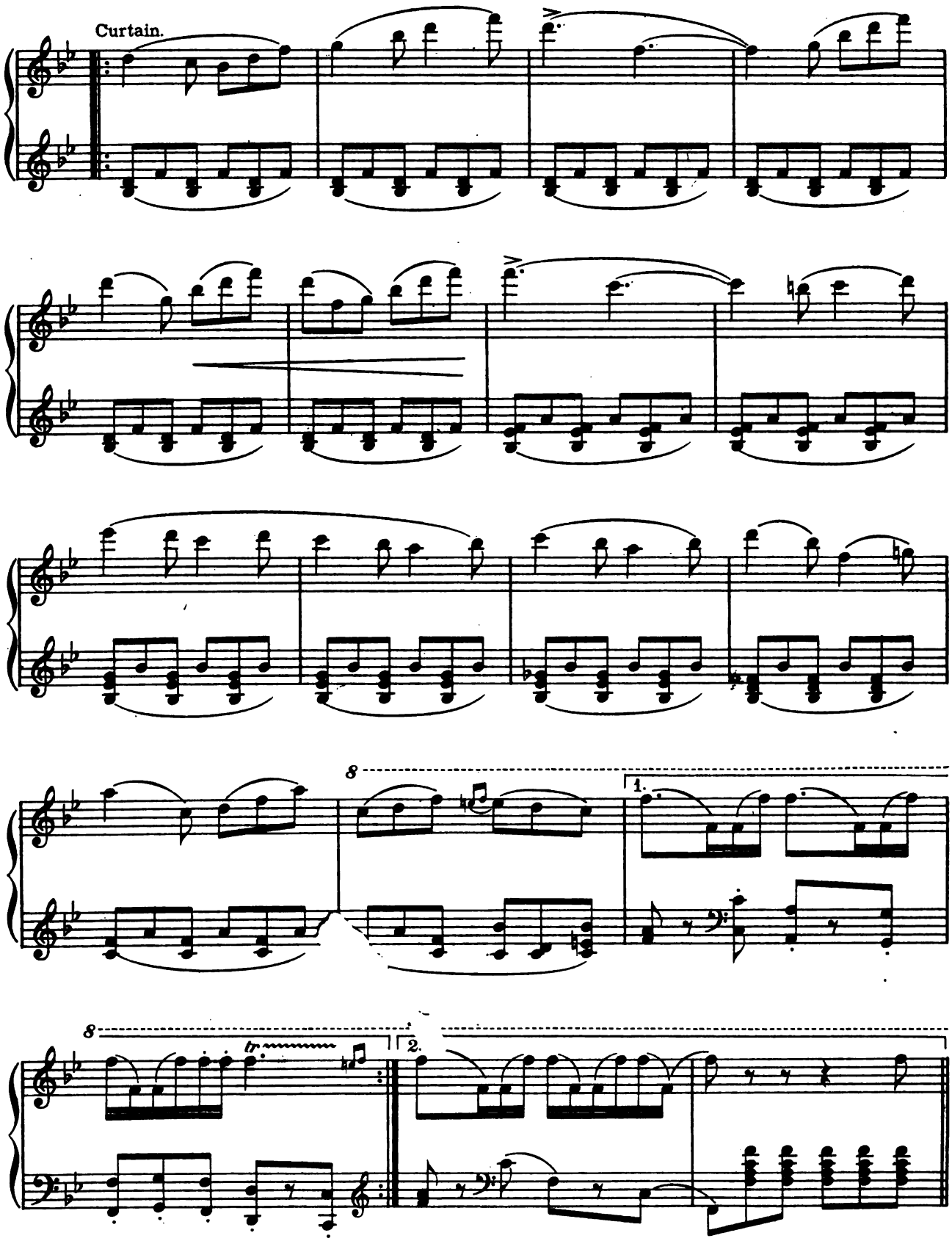

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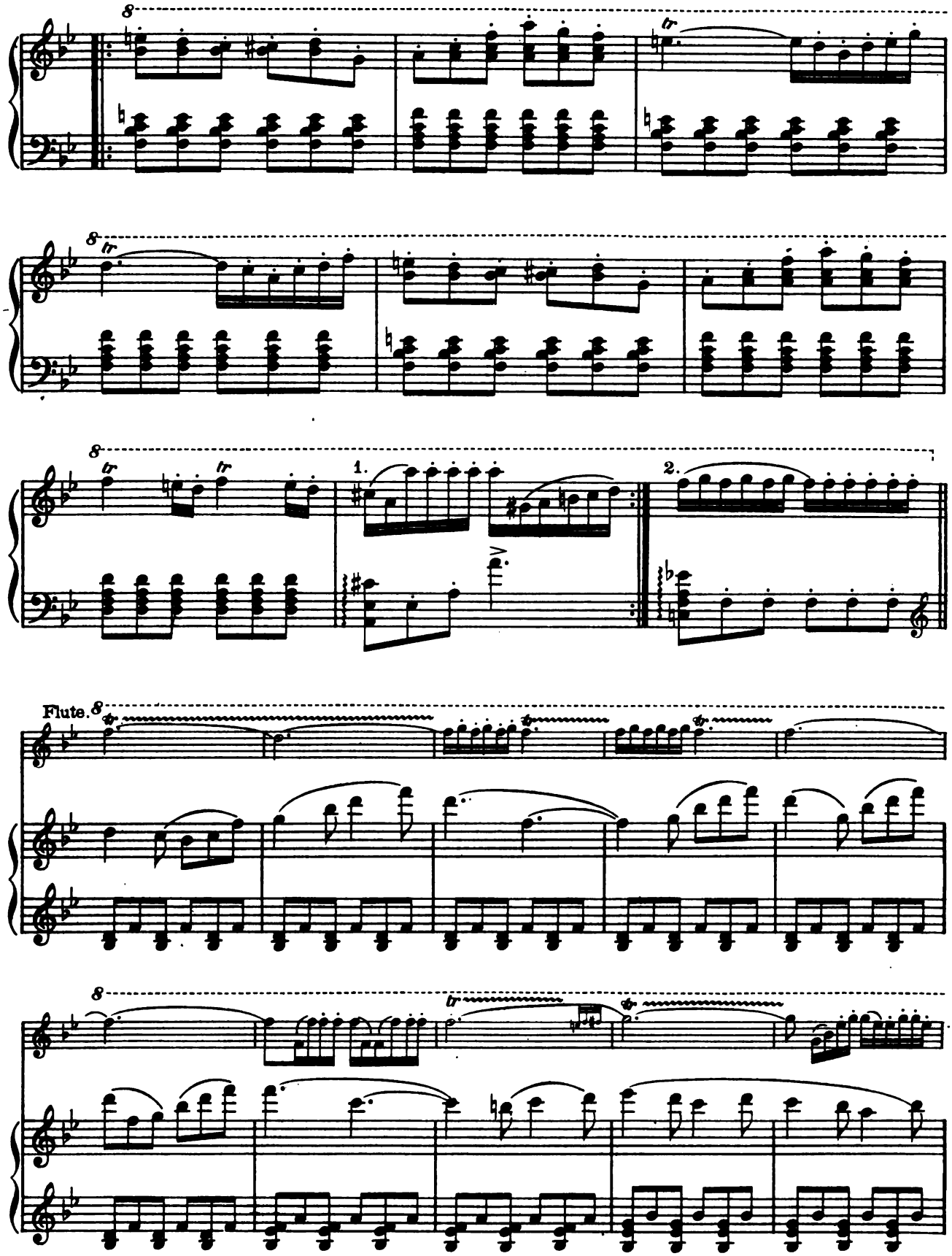

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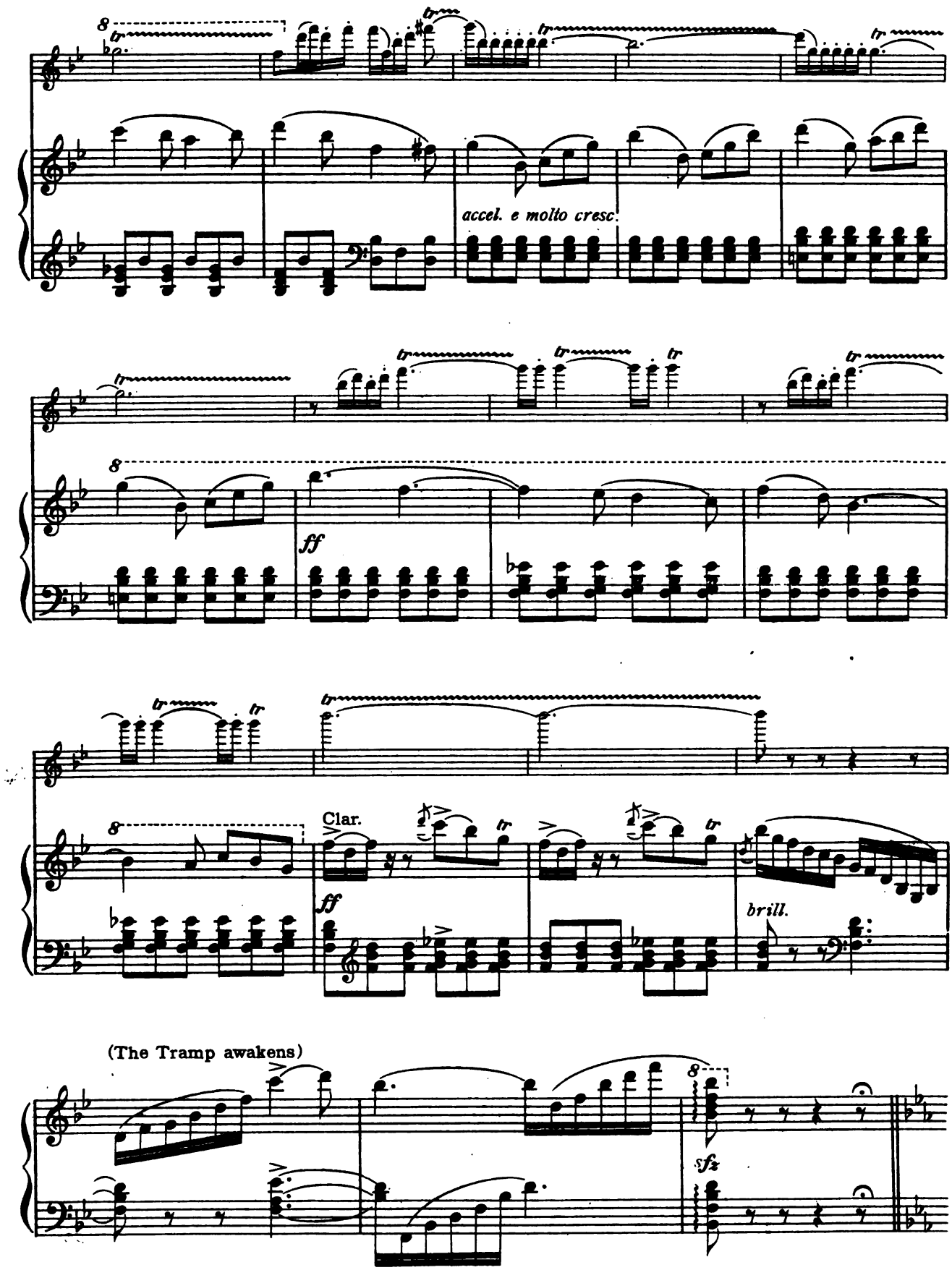

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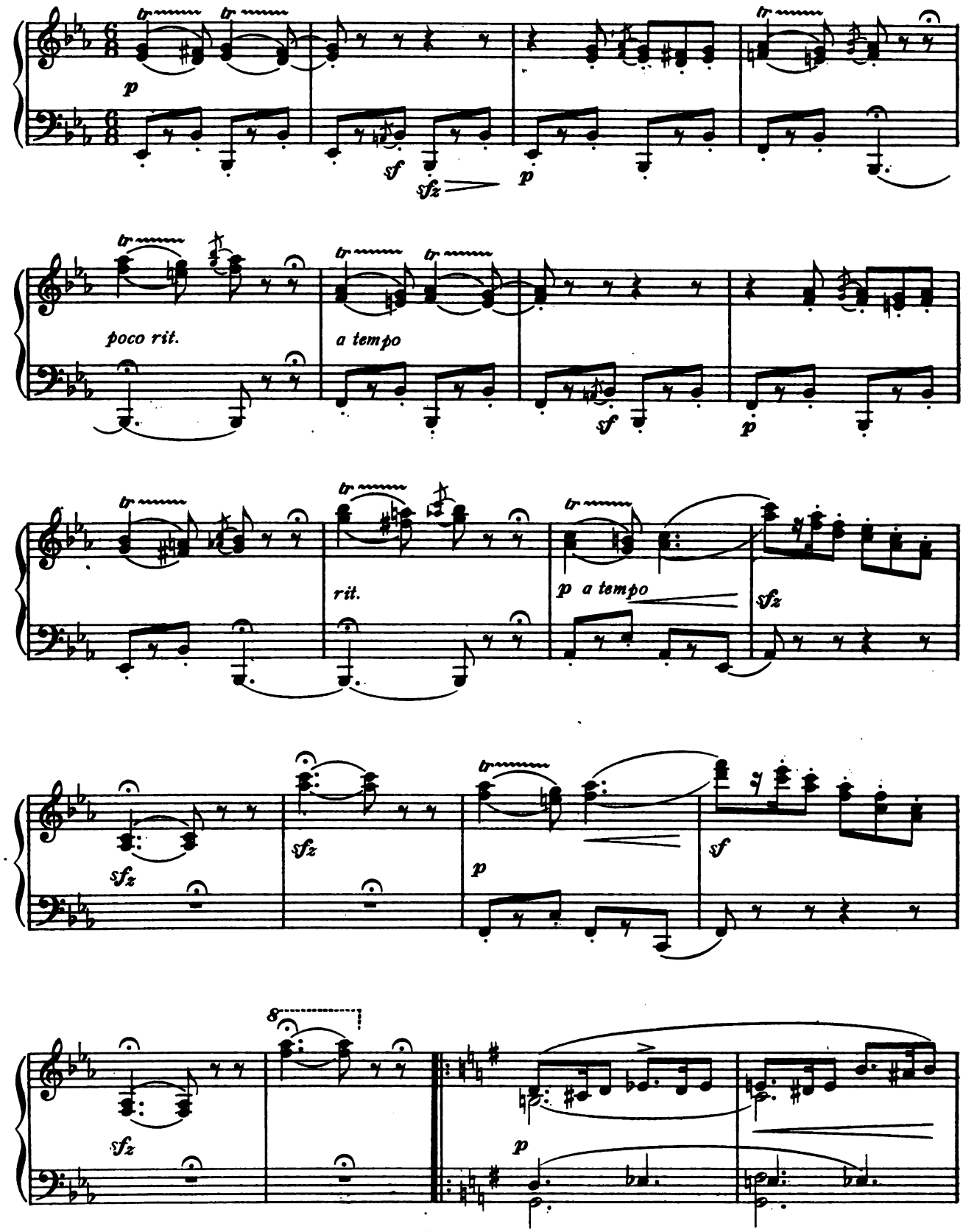
Molto meno mosso.



Op. Prelude.

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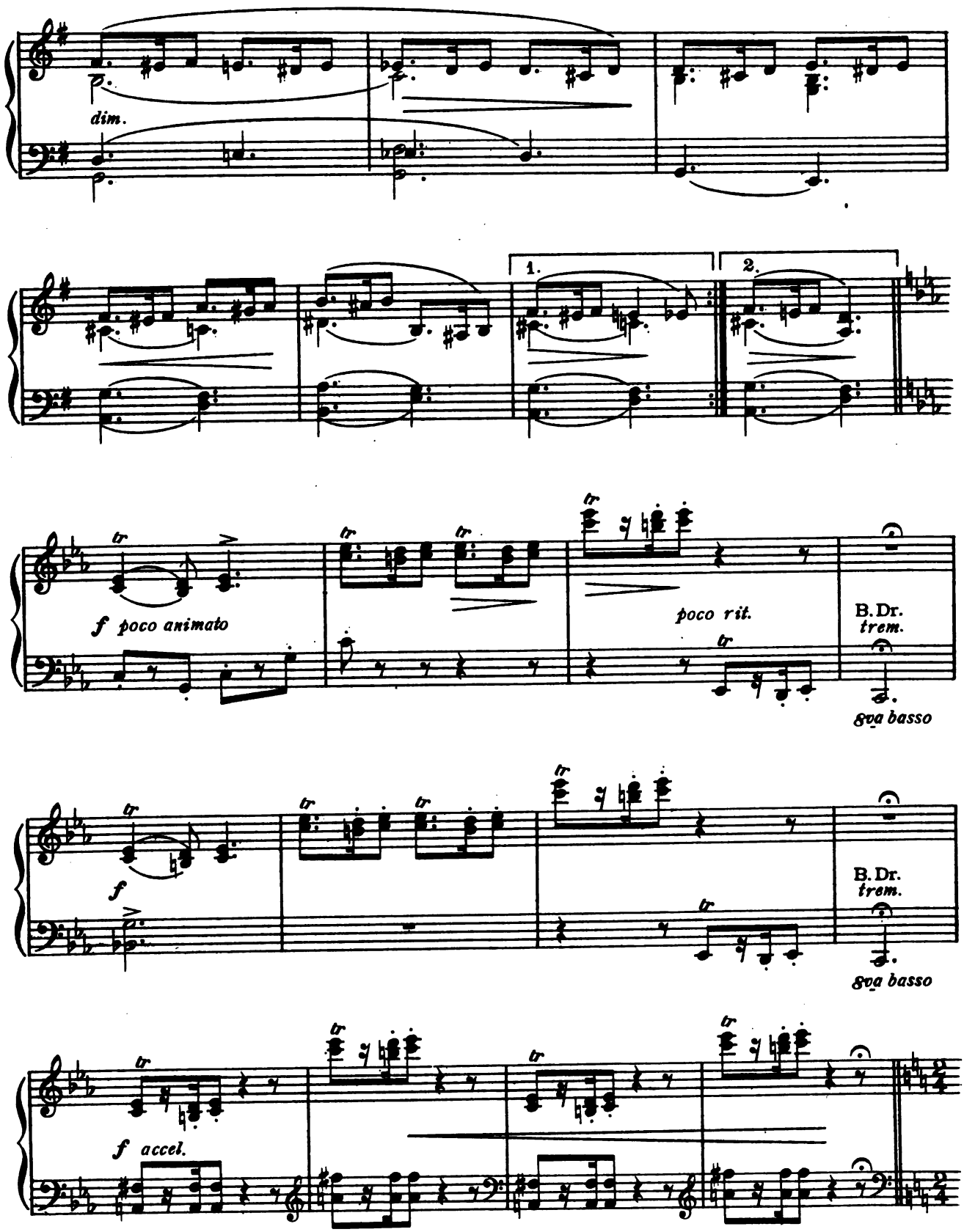

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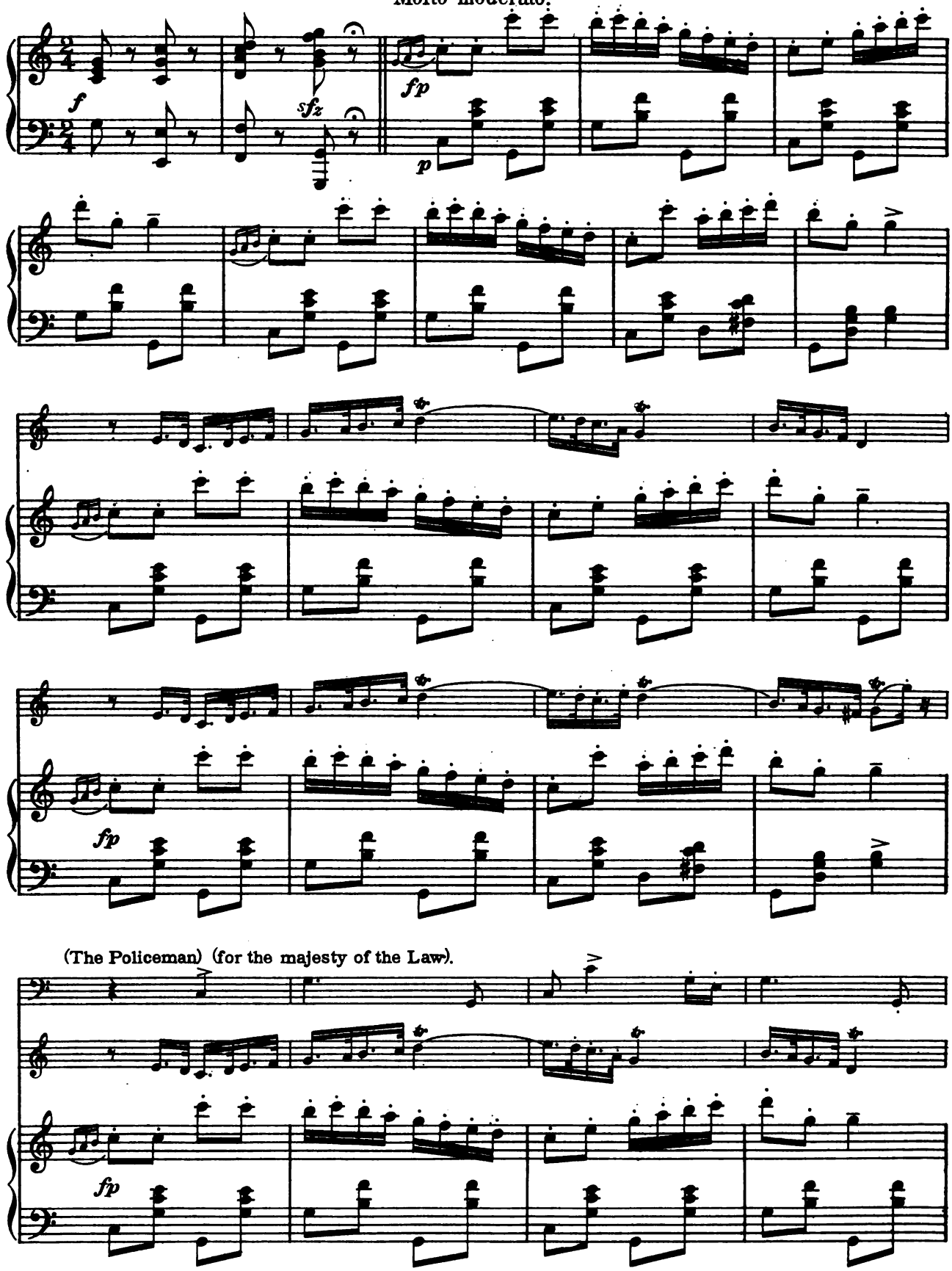
During the following music various types of Caracters pass a-long illustrating various musical themes.

Molto moderato.



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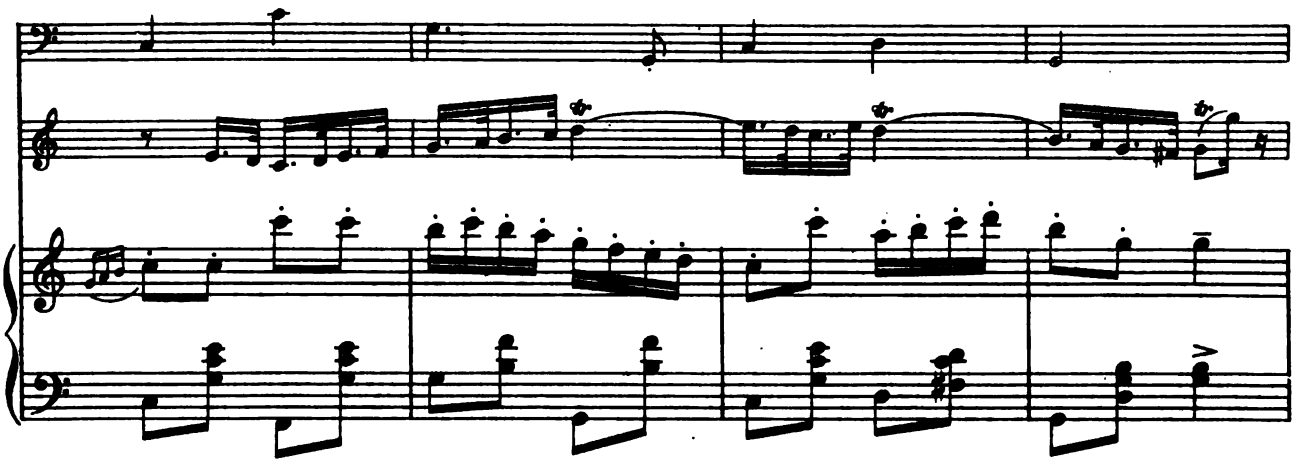
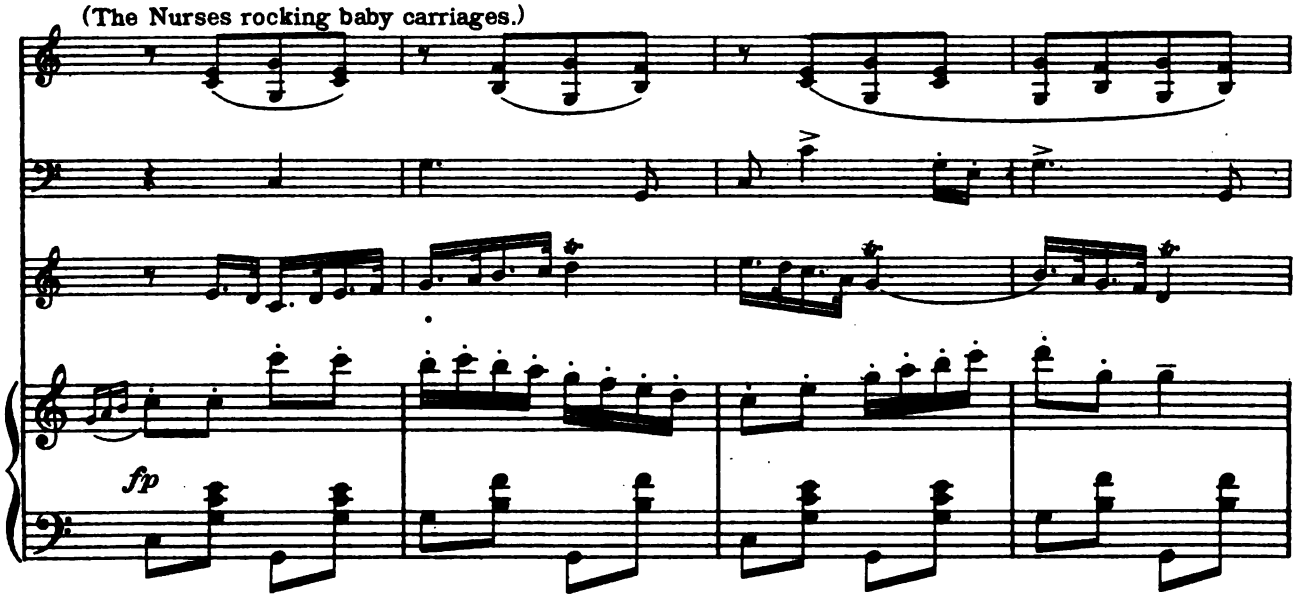
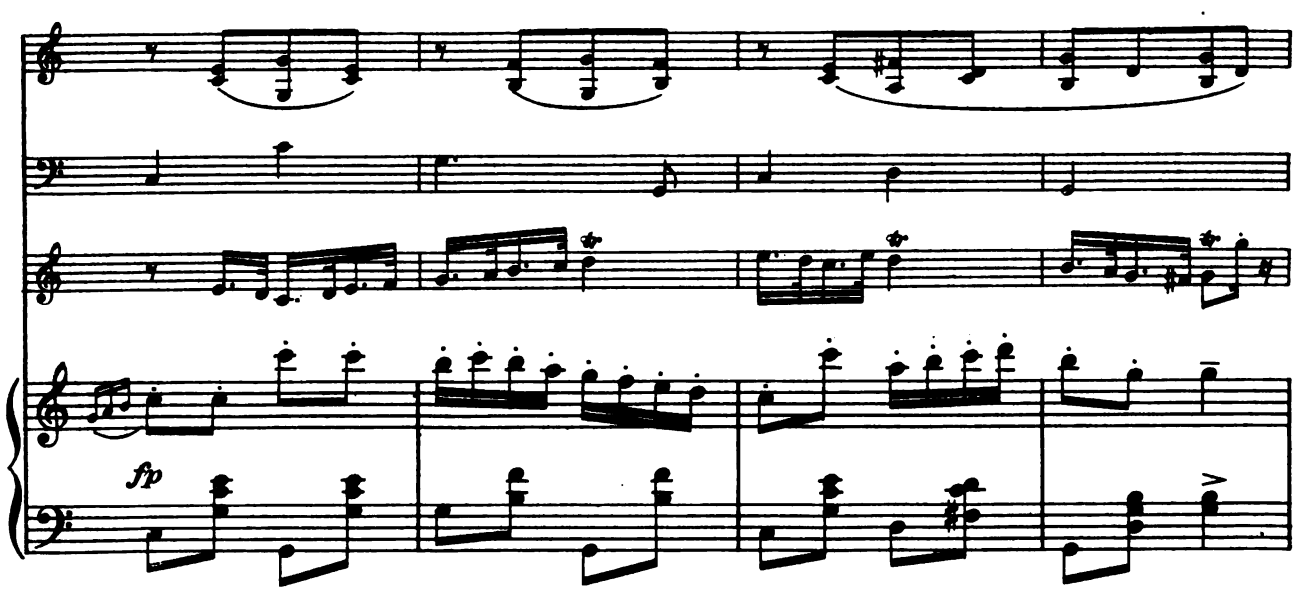


(The Nurses rocking baby carriages.)





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(The Lovers.)

fp

fp

Digitized by Google

(The Birds)

8

fp

8

(Tramp steals Baby from carriage and Policeman kisses the Nurse).

fp

Digitized by Google

Piu mosso.

ff

(Small child enters and picks a dandelion in the grass.)

(Policeman bullies small child.)

sfz *sffz* *sffz*

lunga

(Policeman arrests child and leads him off.)

Molto piu mosso.

ff

tutta forza

sffz *sffz* *sffz*

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Little Nemo.

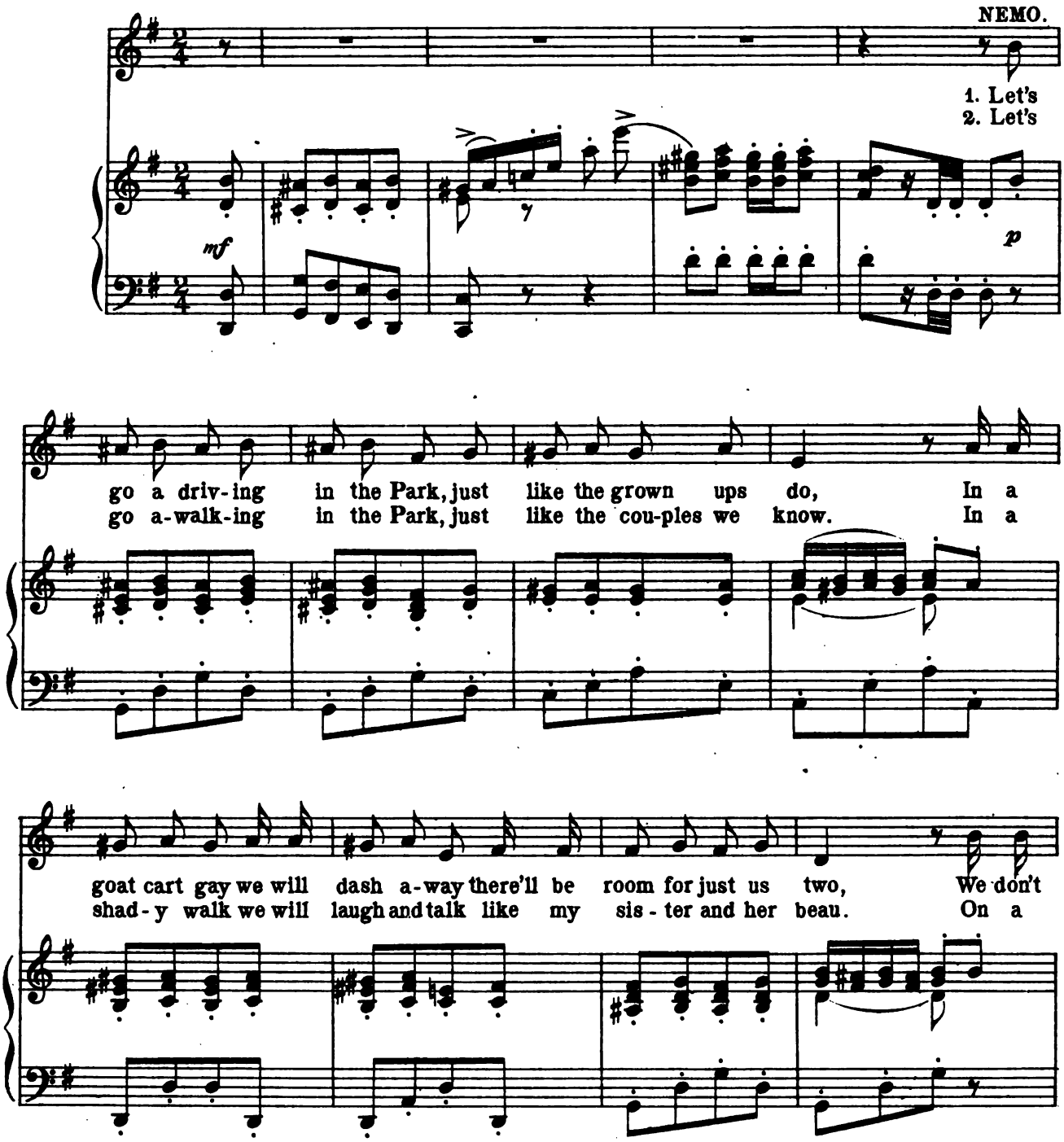
WON'T YOU BE MY PLAYMATE?

Trio.

Nemo, Princess, Flip.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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need an au-to-mo - bile, for style we will not strive; Bet-ter
bench we'll lin-ger a while and spoon with no one near, We will

clear the track when our whips we crack, as our prancing goats we drive.
watch and wait till the hour grows late, and the moon and stars ap - pear.

rit.

Più lento.

PRINCESS.

Won't you be my play - mate? be my ve - ry best

NEMO.

Won't you be my play - mate? be my ve - ry best

FLIP.

Won't you be my play - mate? be my

Più lento.

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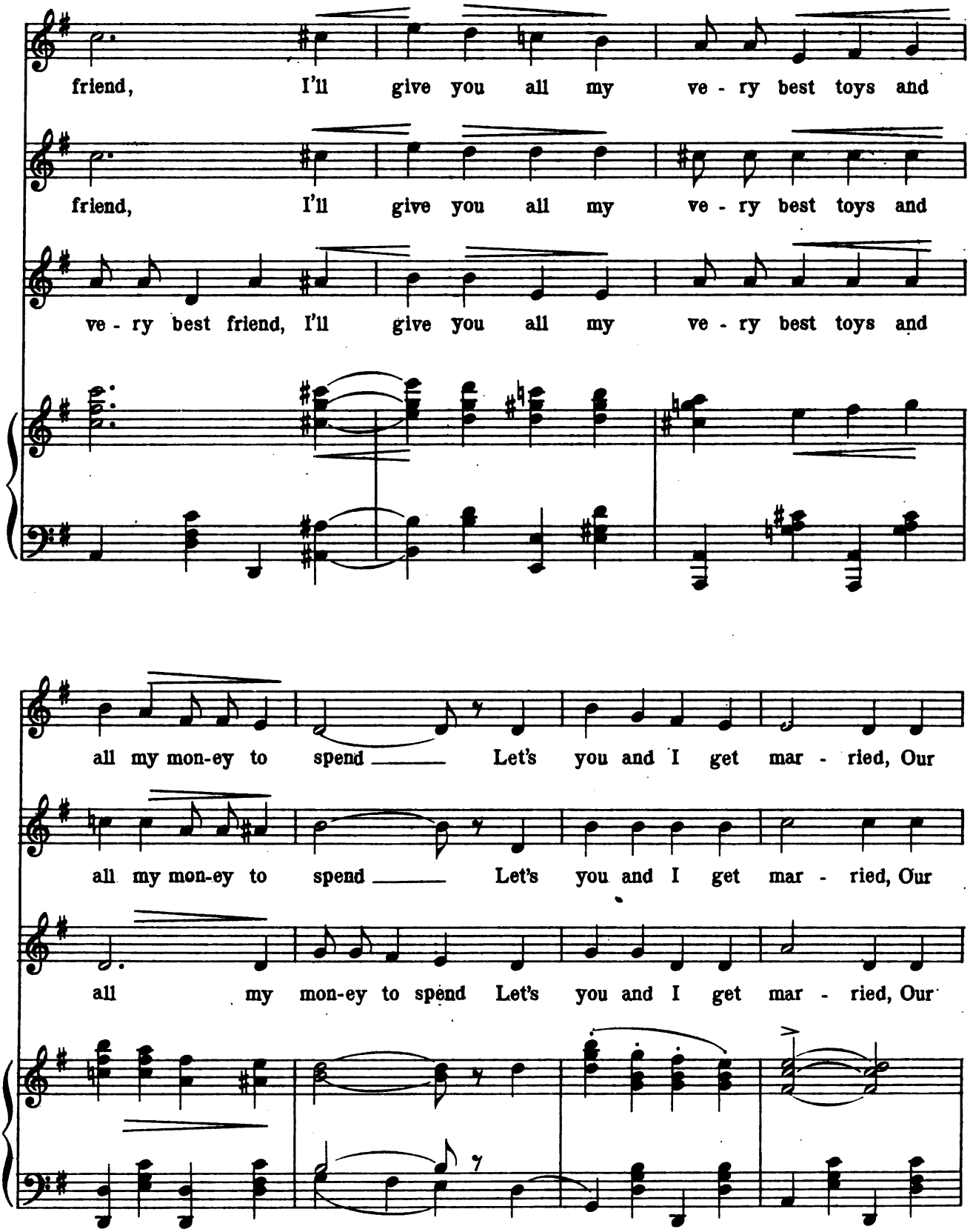

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se - cret that will be, I want a lit - tle sweet - heart

se - cret that will be, I want a lit - tle sweet - heart

se - - cret that will be, I want a lit - tle sweet - heart

rit. *a tempo*

just like you, Don't you want one like me?

rit. *a tempo*

just like you, Don't you want one like me?

rit. *a tempo*

just like you, Don't you want one like me?

rit. *a tempo*

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Little Nemo

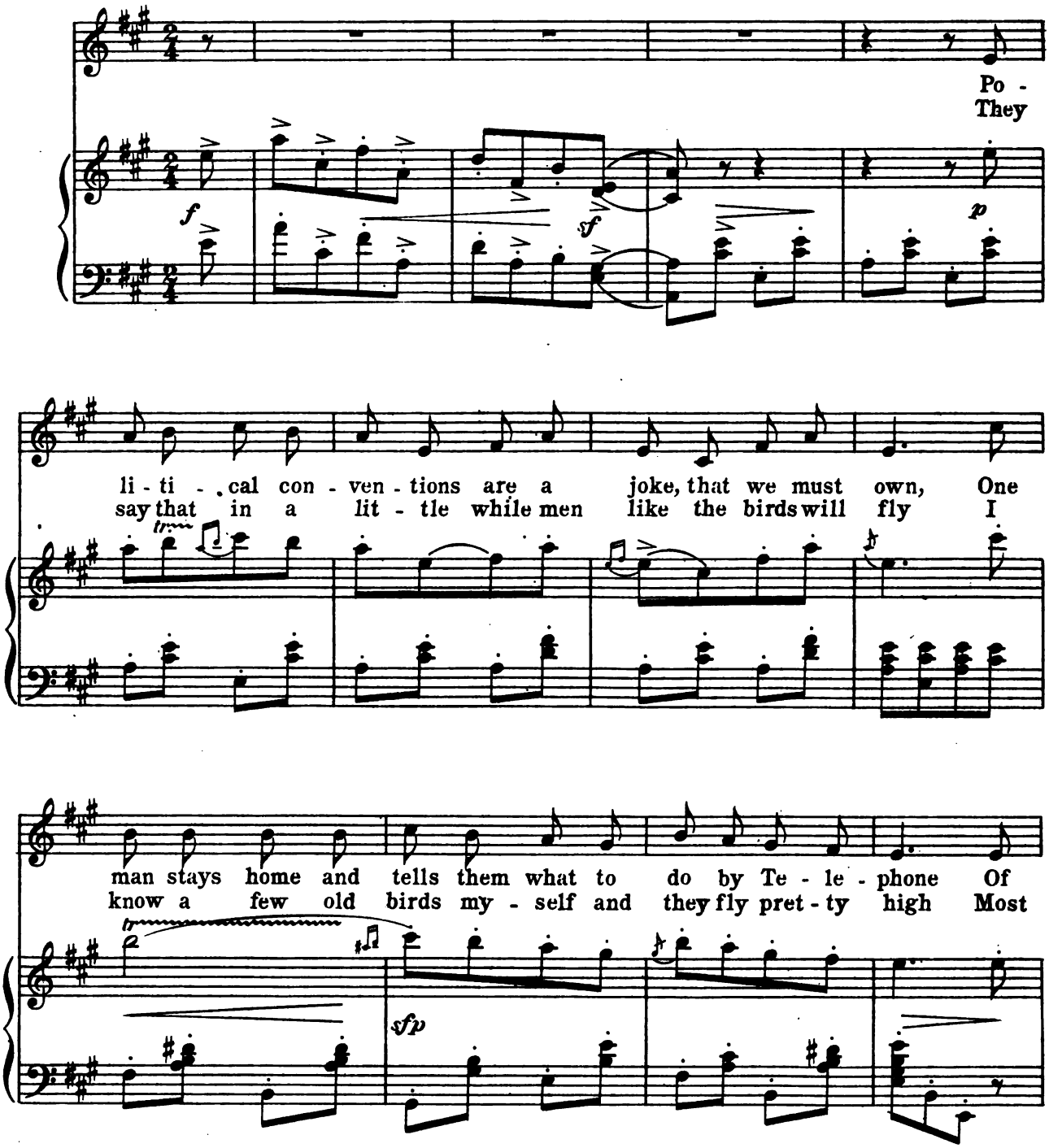
NEWS PAPER SONG.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Trio

Dr. Pill, Klip & Missionary.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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cheers the luck - y Can - di - date re - ceives his pro - per share And
air - ships when they try them out are frauds and fail - ures found The

then they cheer ten times a - long for the one who is not there
on - ly time they're on the lev - el is when they're on the ground

Dialogue

Dialogue

Read, read the pa - pers ev' - ry day and re - mem - ber what they

say _____ You'll learn who's who and you'll learn what's what, what's

Digitized by Google

true what's new what is rot, what's not. Oh so read, read the

pa - pers ev'- ry day you will find that it will pay For a

lot of fun - ny Ca - pers you'll dis - cov - er in the pa - pers if you

read them ev' - ry day. day.

D.C.

D.C.

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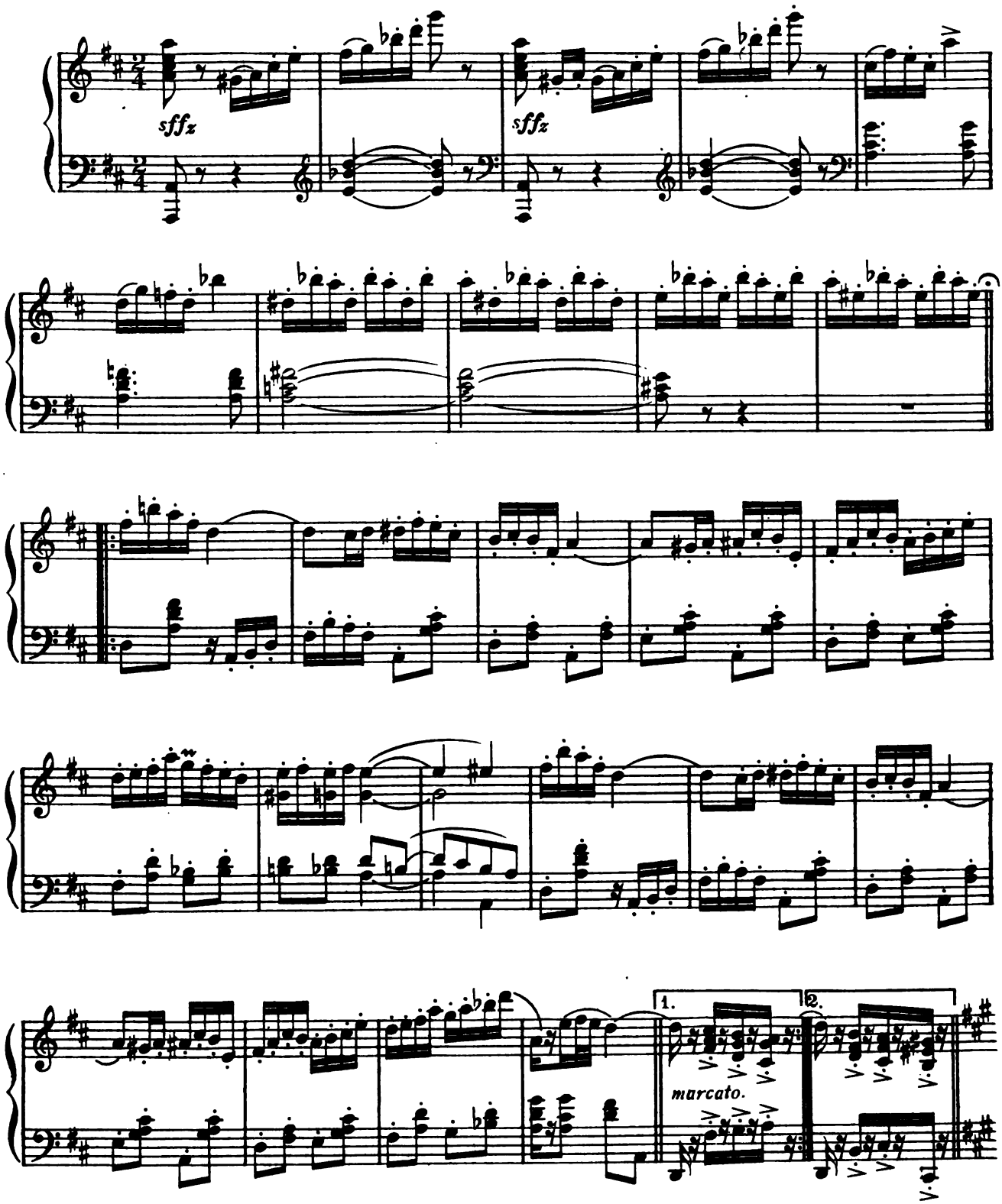
VALENTINES.

VICTOR HERBERT.



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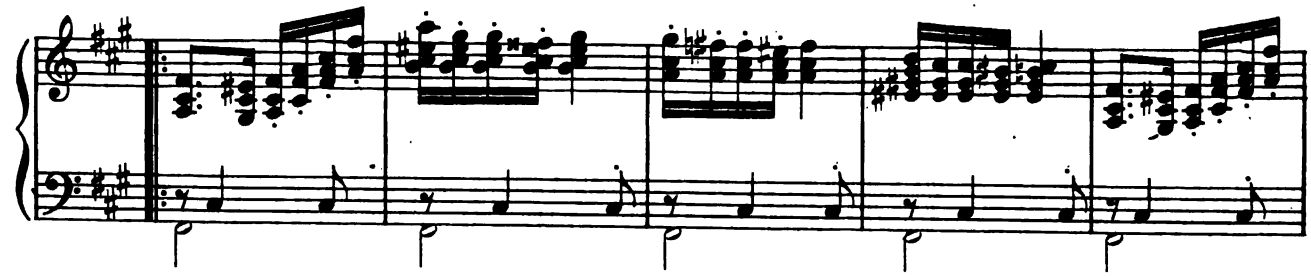

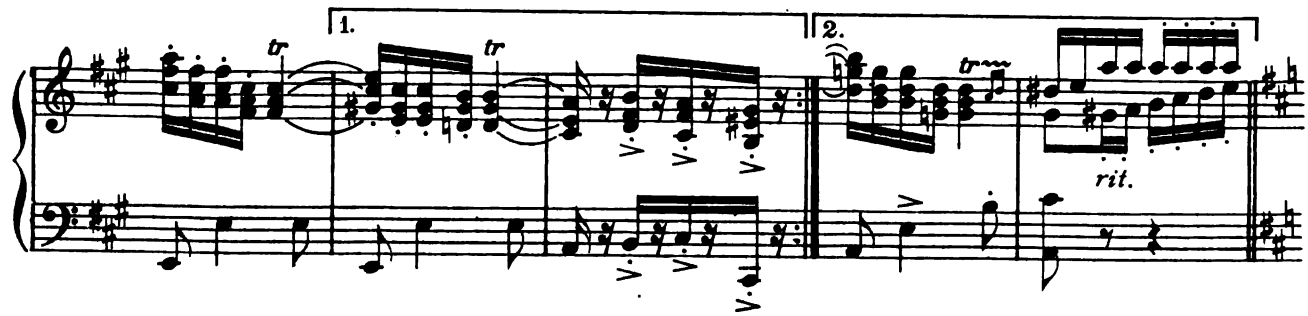

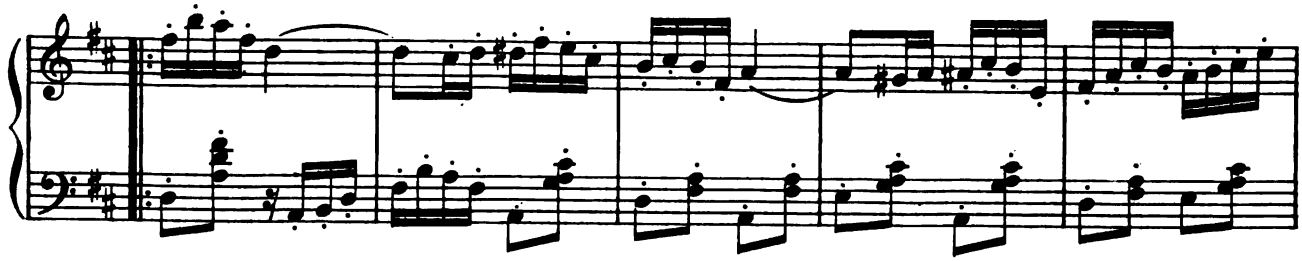

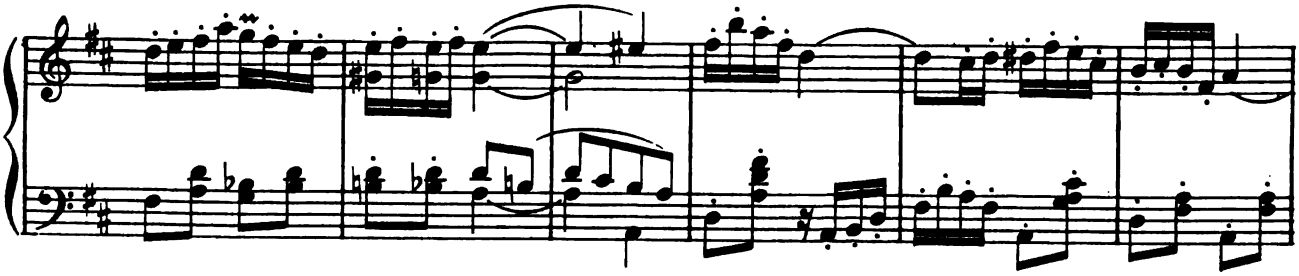

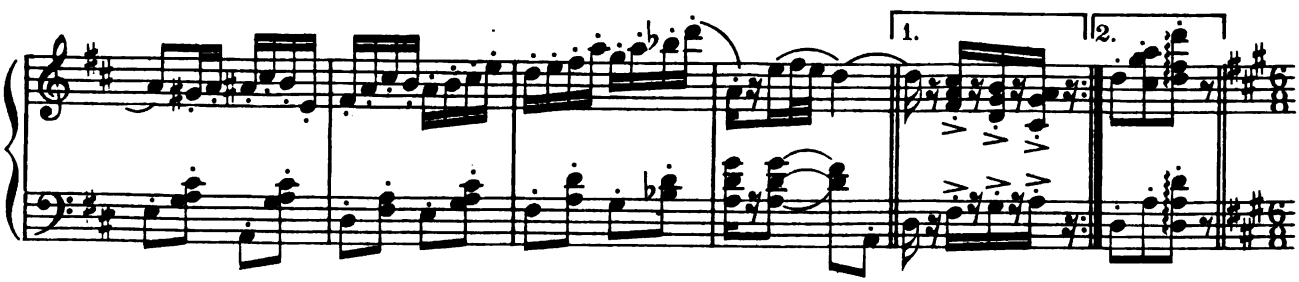

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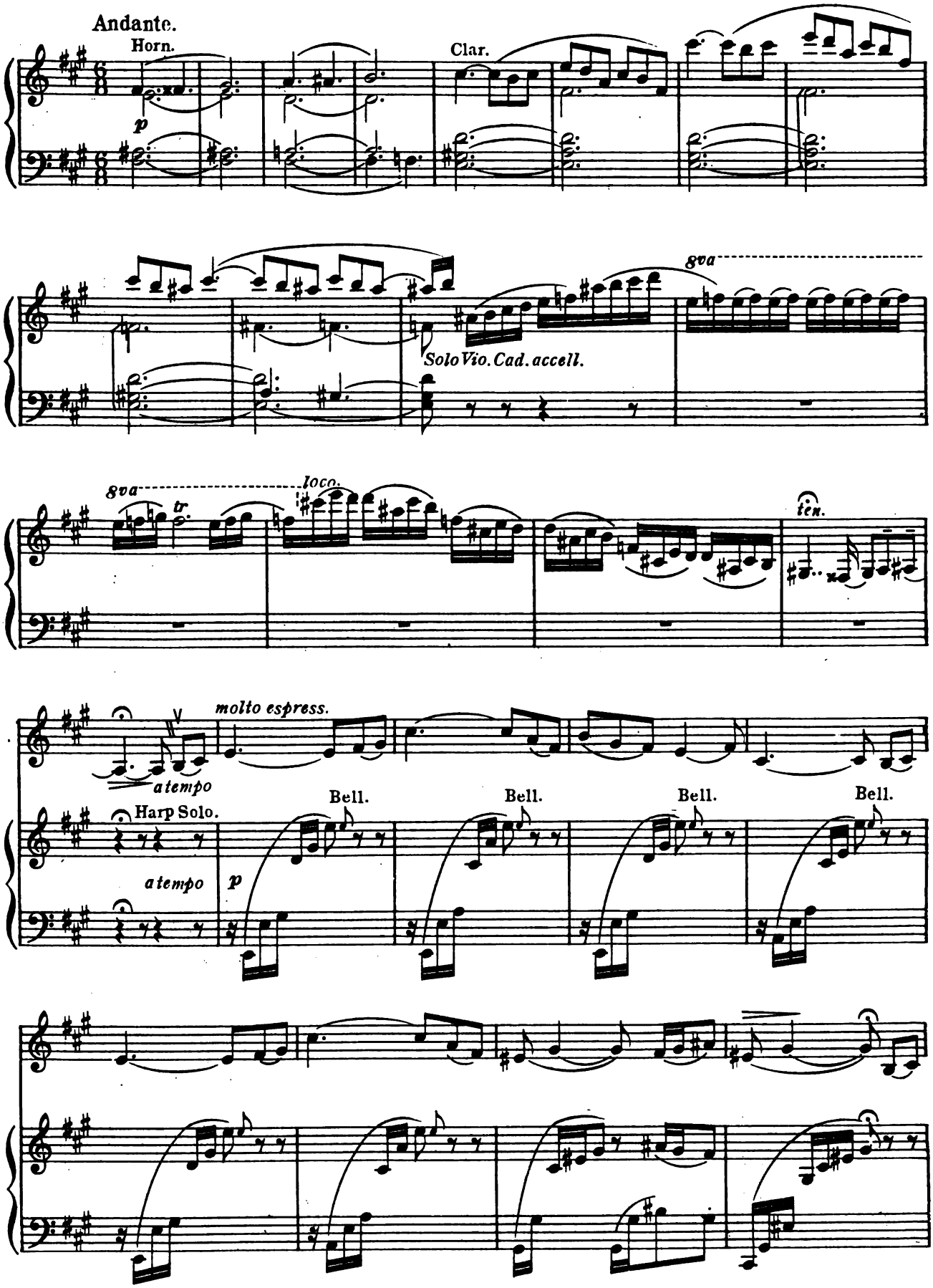

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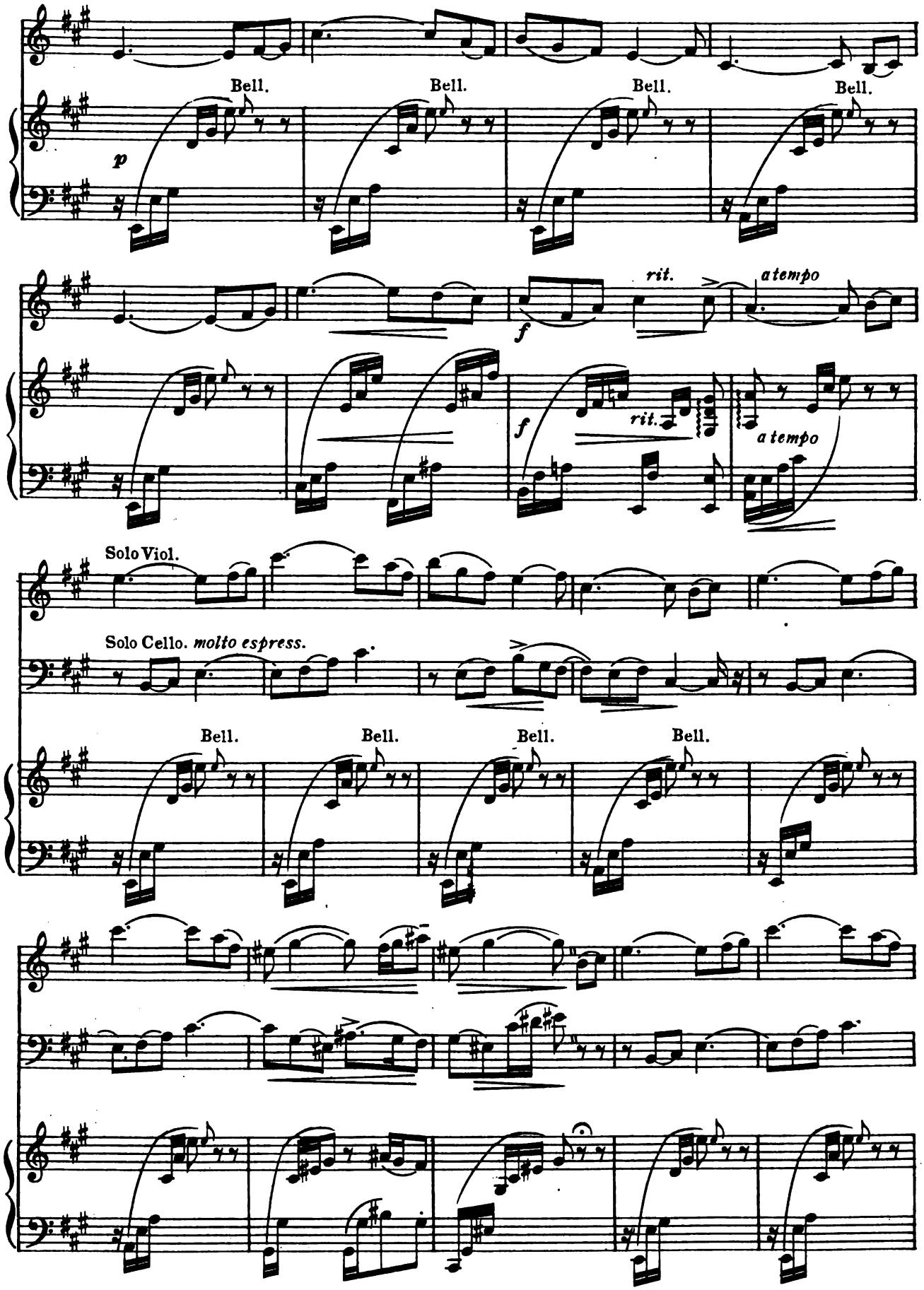

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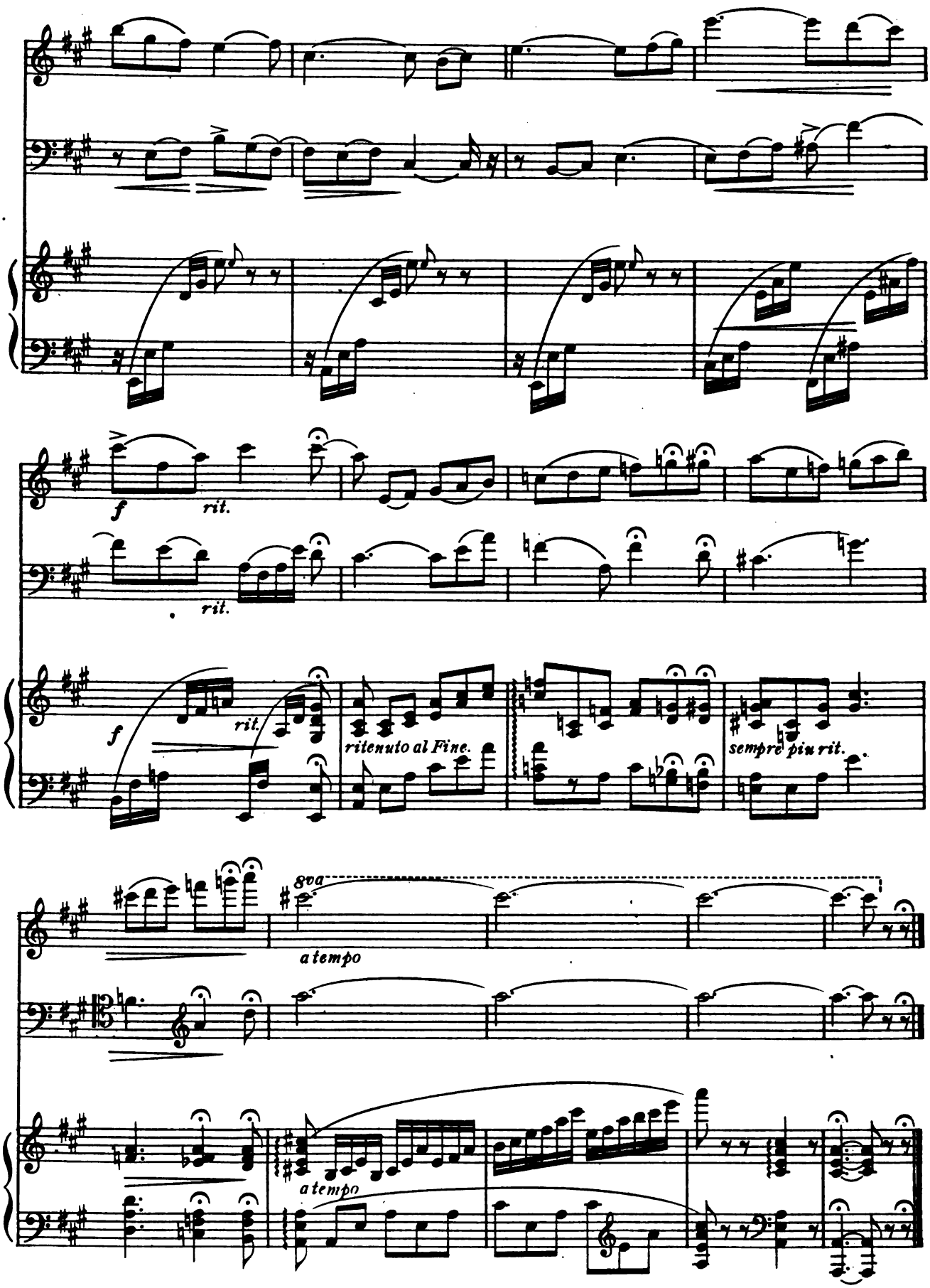

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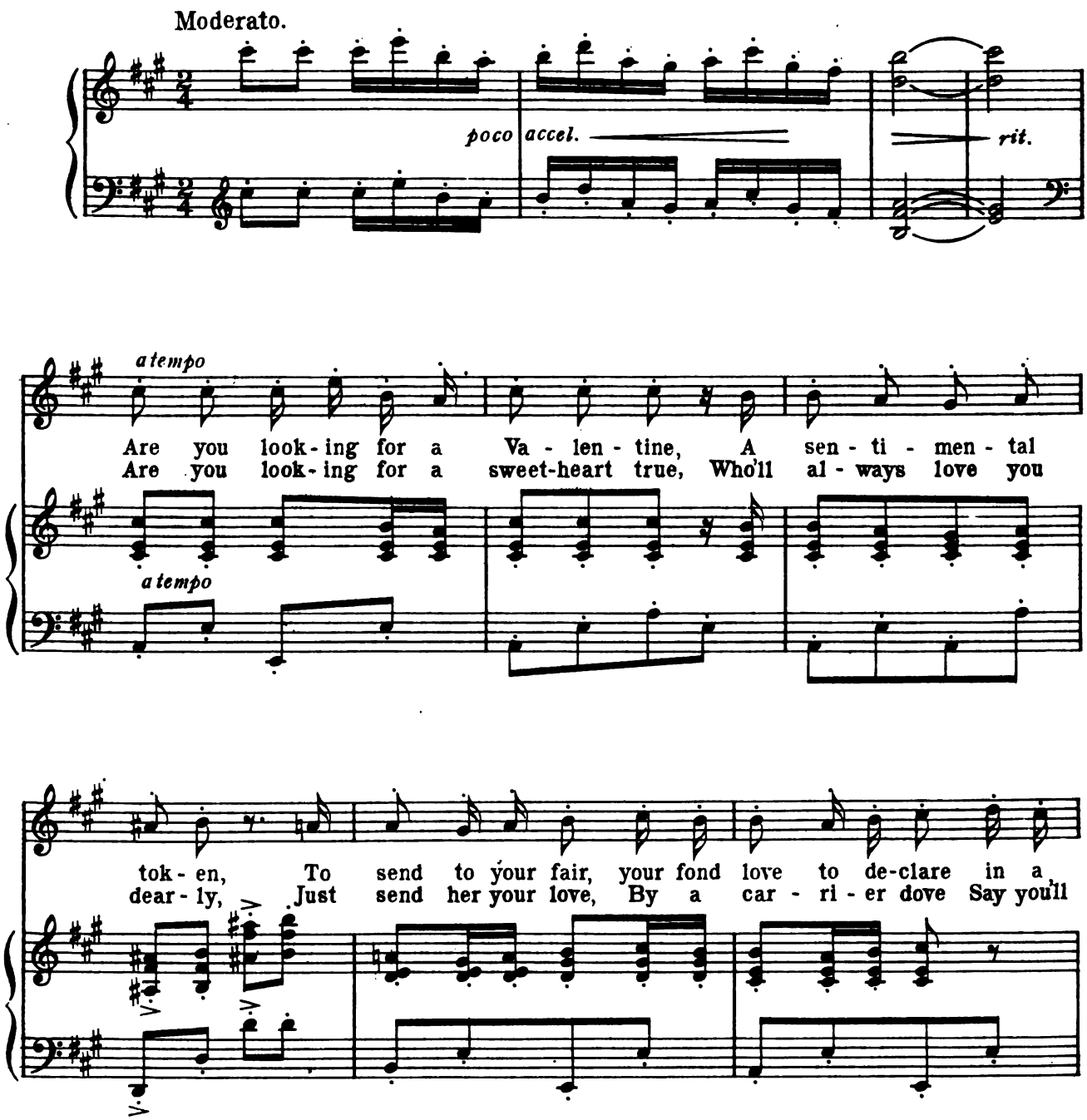
WHEN CUPID IS THE POSTMAN.

Song for the Valentine's Fairy.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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way that can't be spo - ken I have sou - ve - nirs to
al - ways love sin - cere - ly Find a Val - en - tine with

pp

show you here, if you've a choice now make it, Then
ver - ses sweet That tell your sto - ry plain - ly, Then

Cup - id you call, that post - man for all, And—
Cup - id you send, For on him you de - pend Then you

rit.

rit.

to your Love he'll take it. When
will not court her vain - ly.

a tempo

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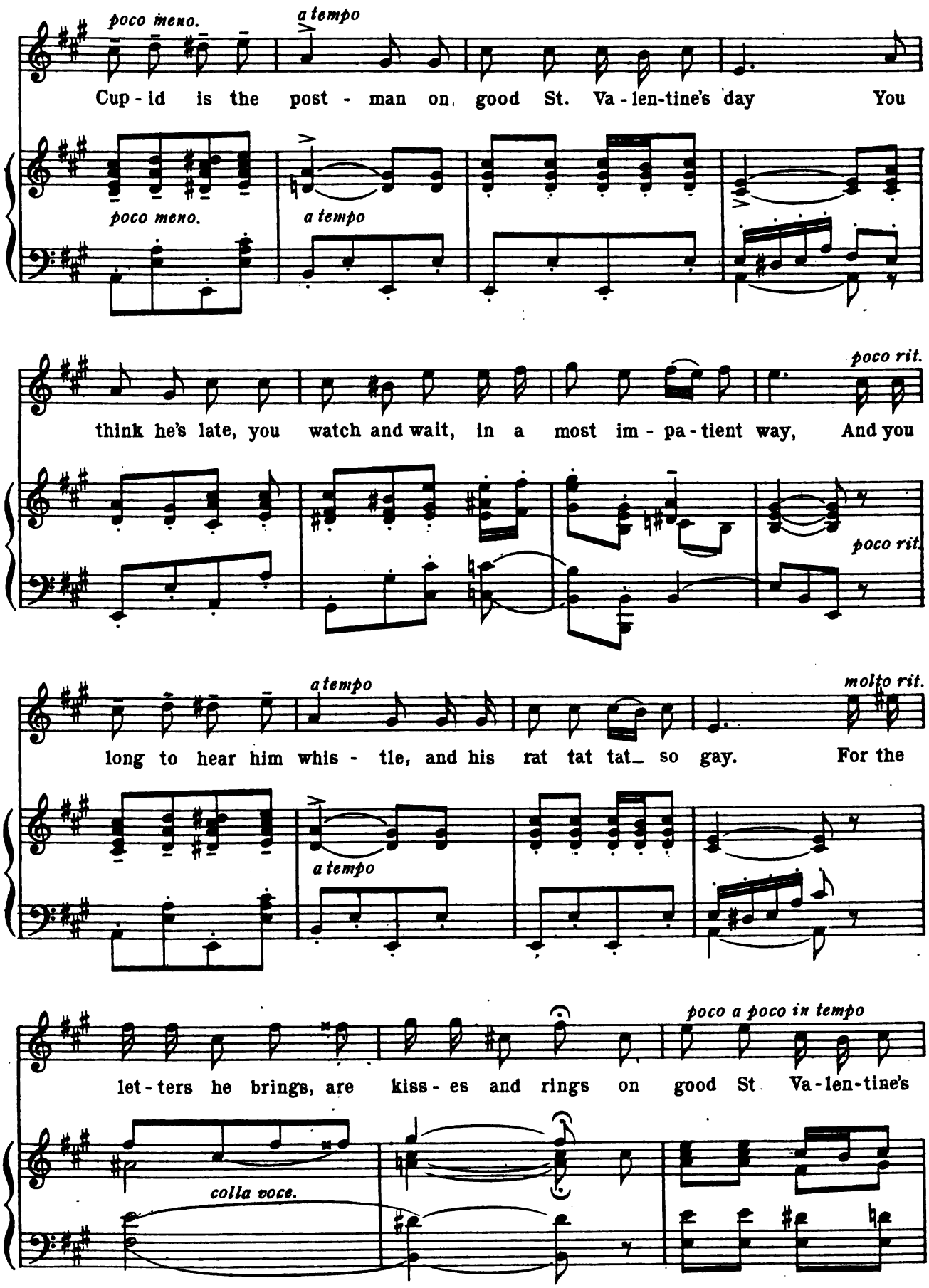

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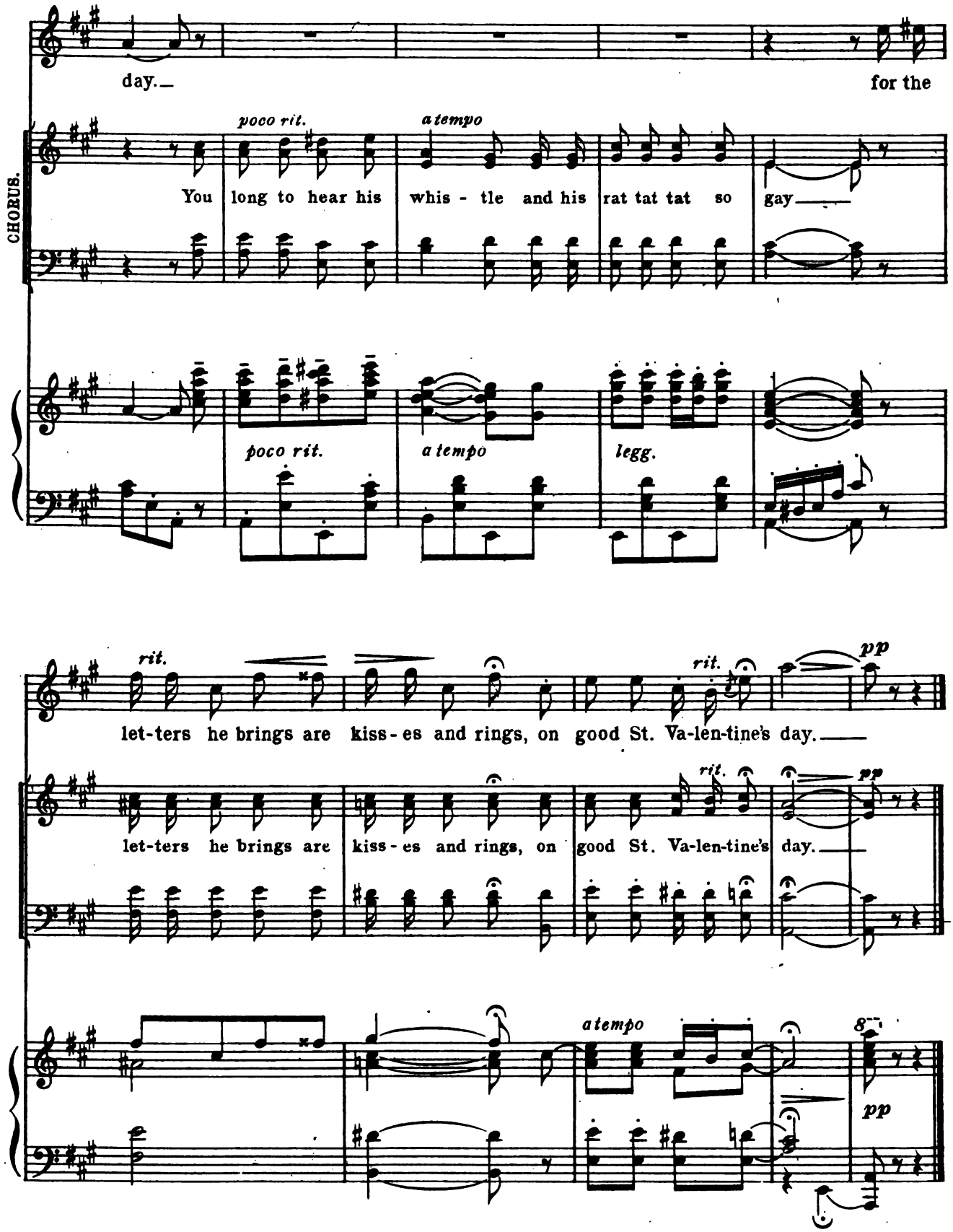

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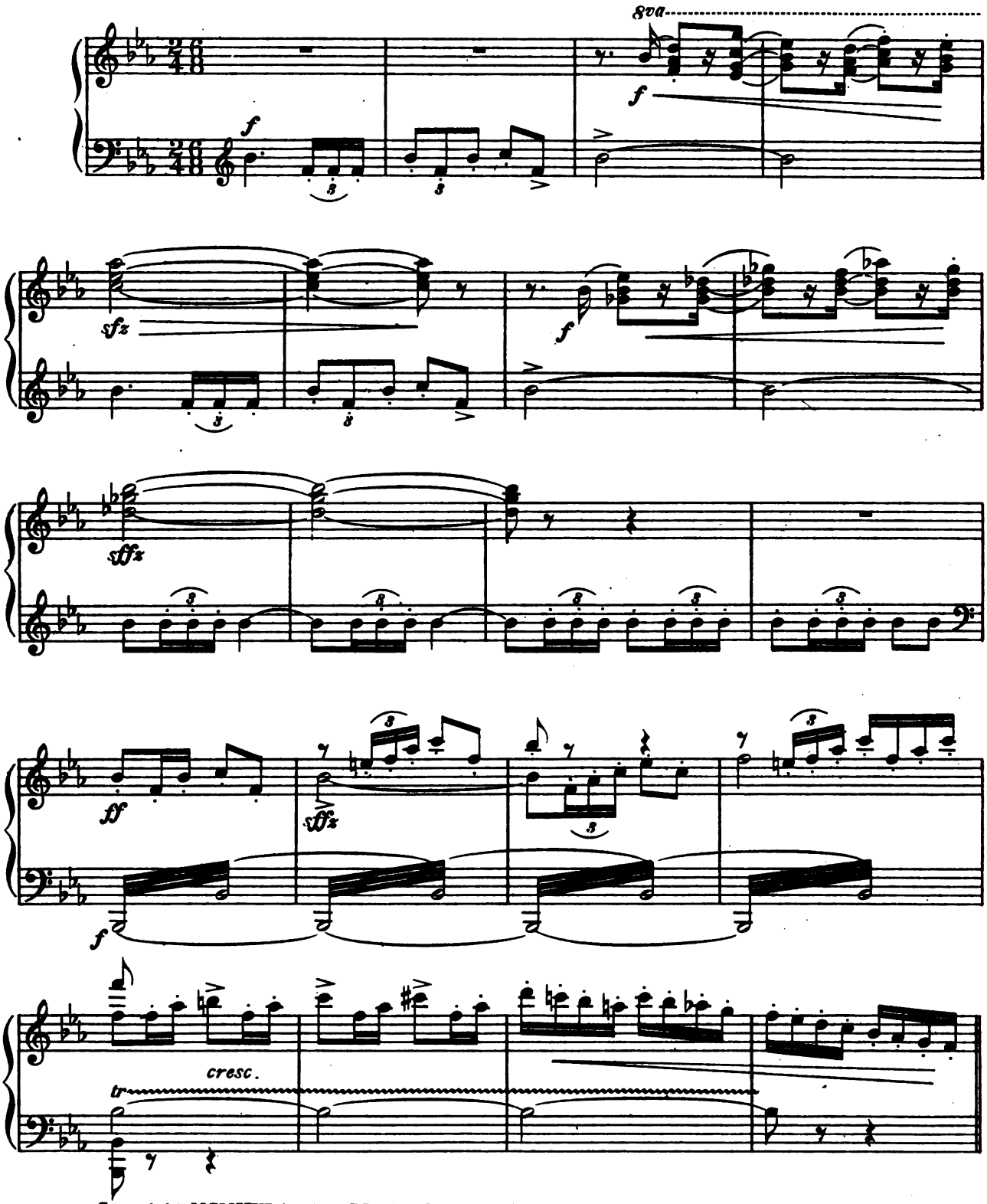
MARCH OF THE VALENTINES.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT



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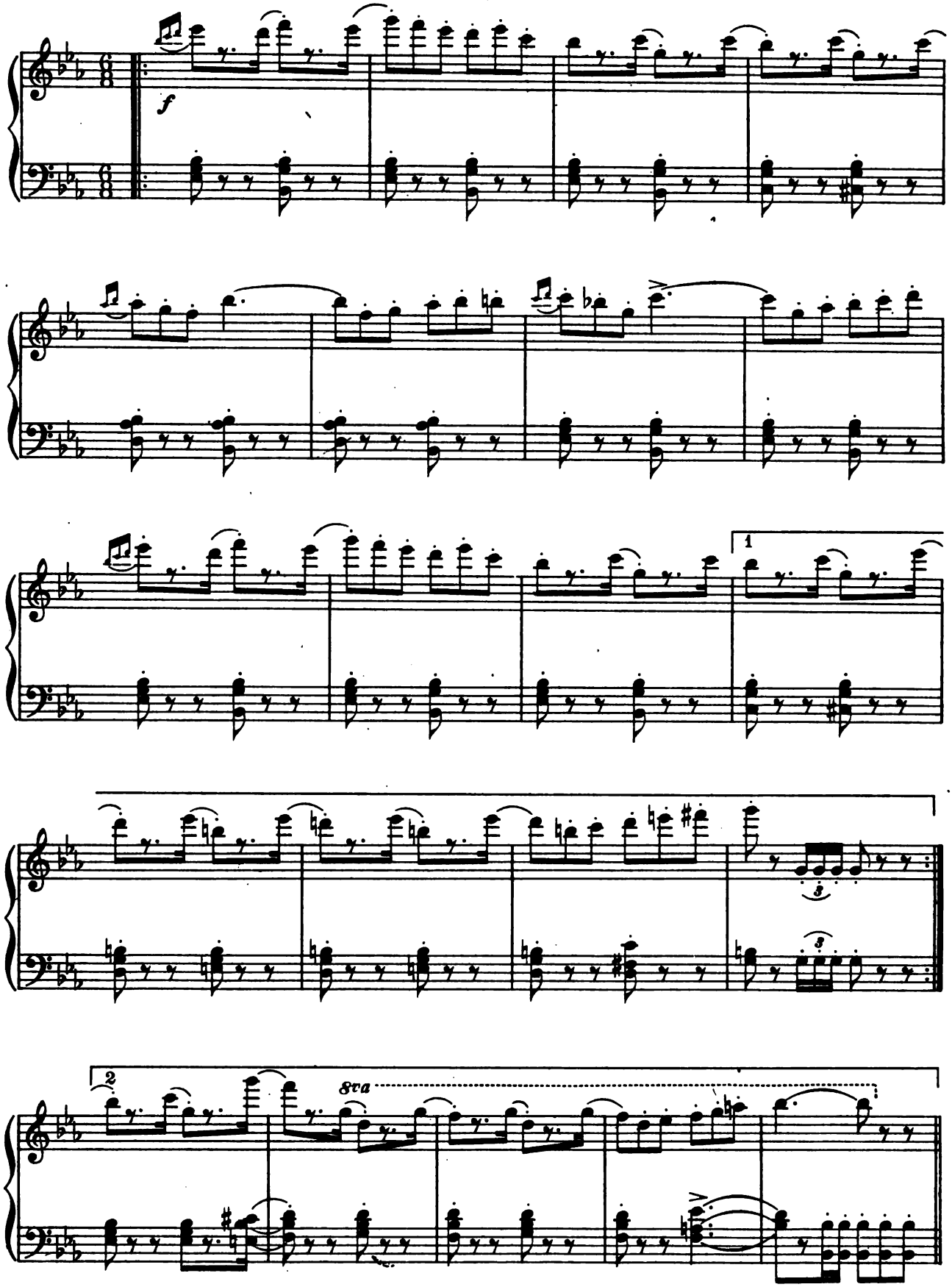

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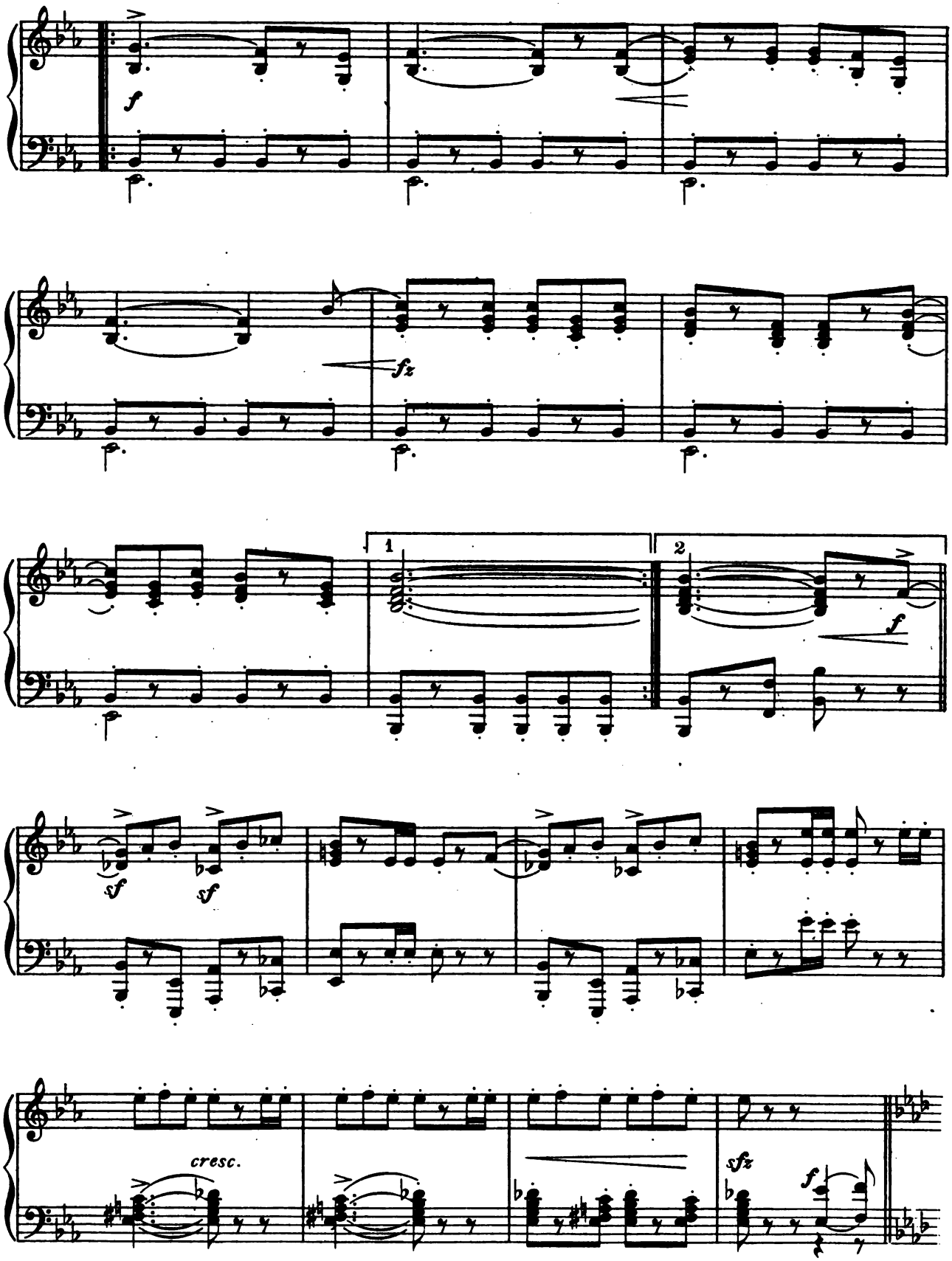

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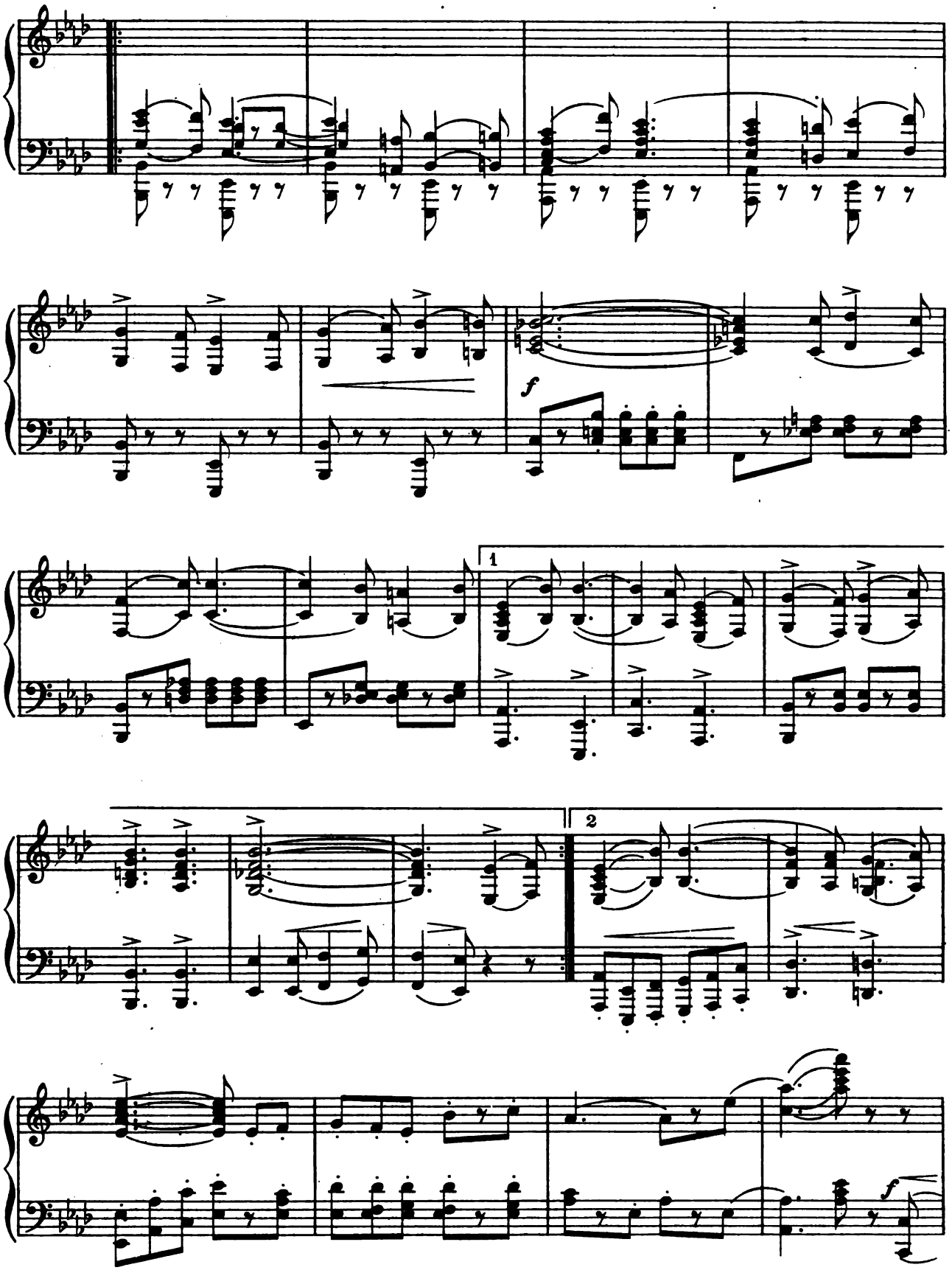

March of the Valentines

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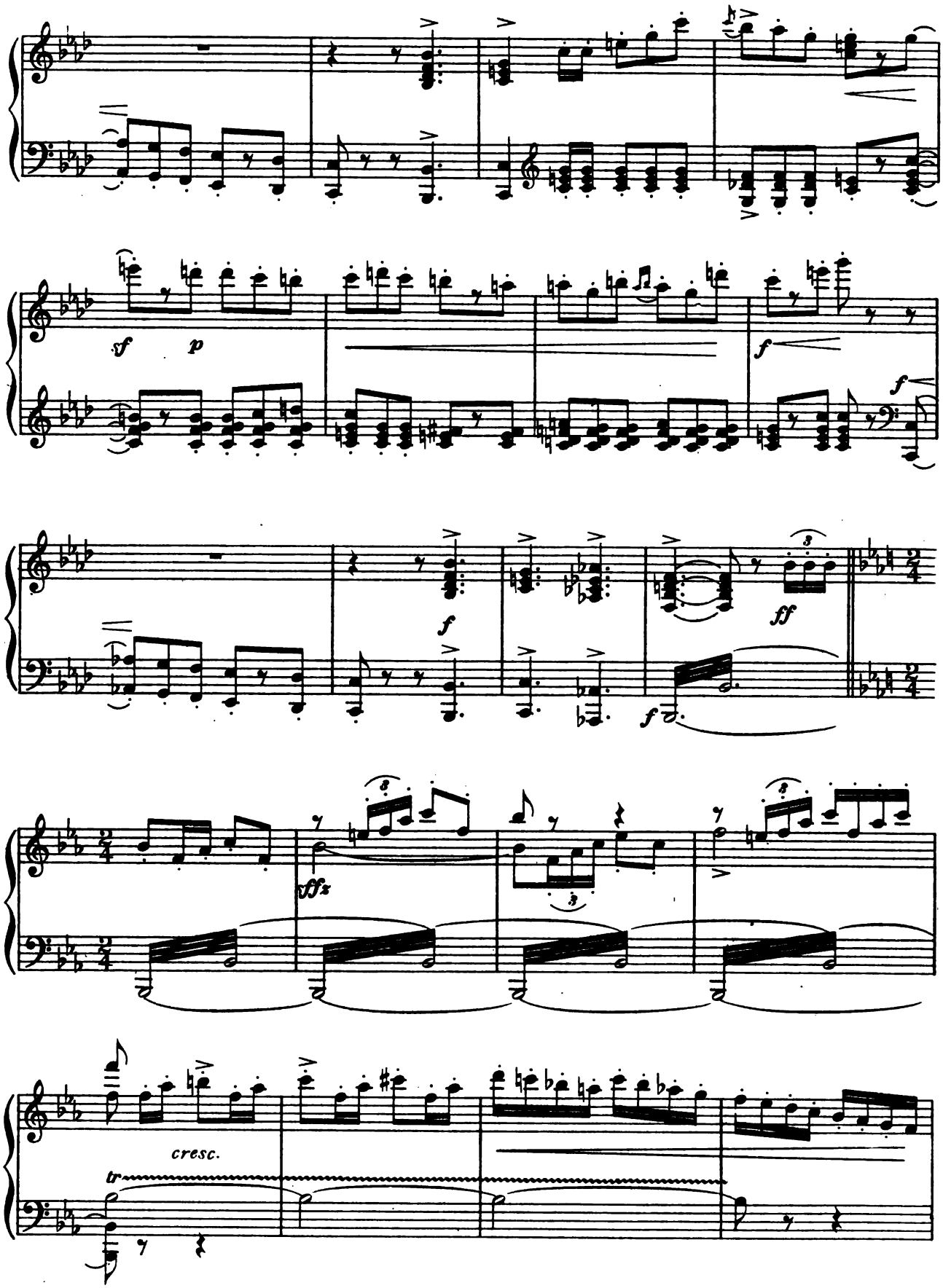

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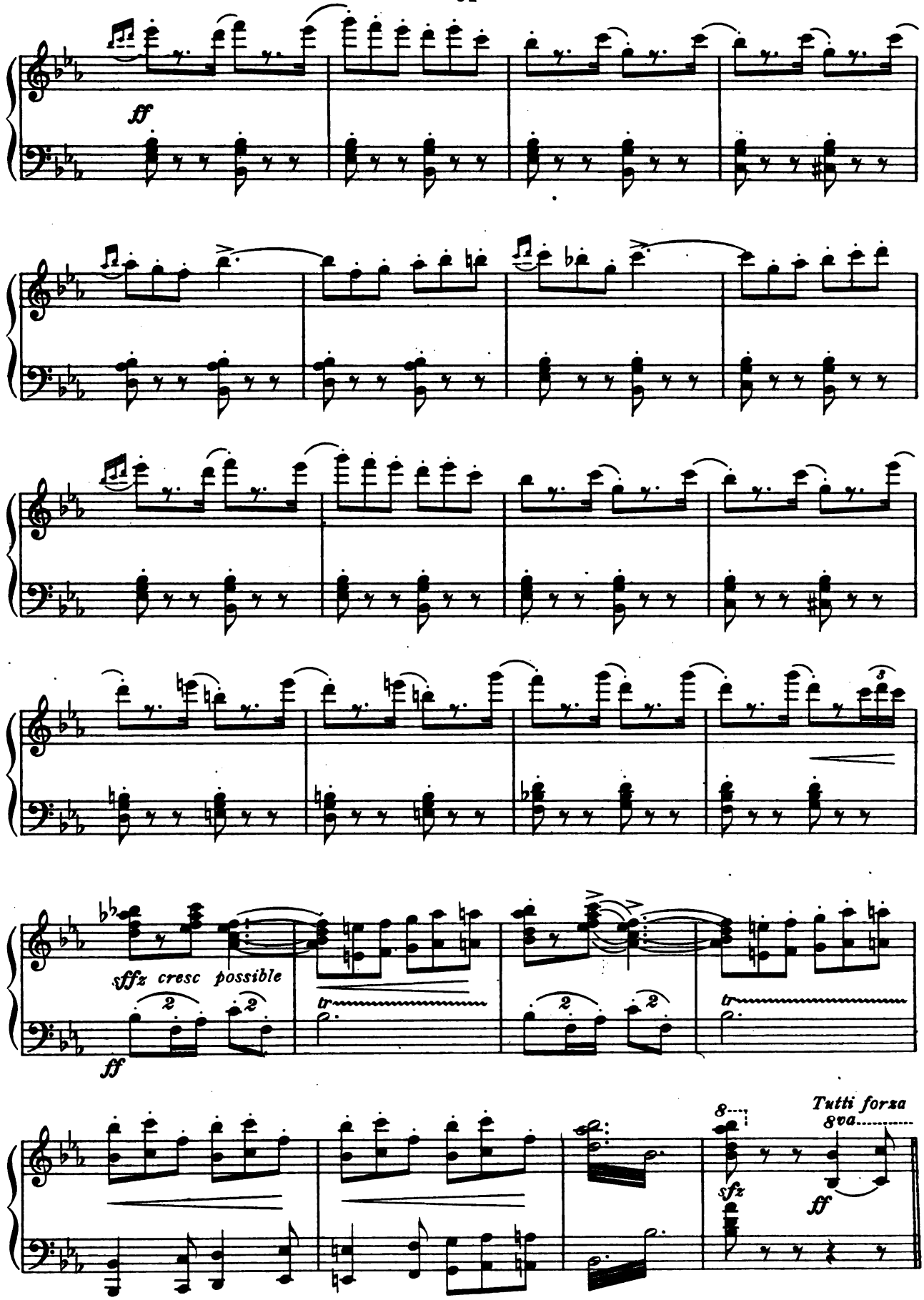

March of the Valentines

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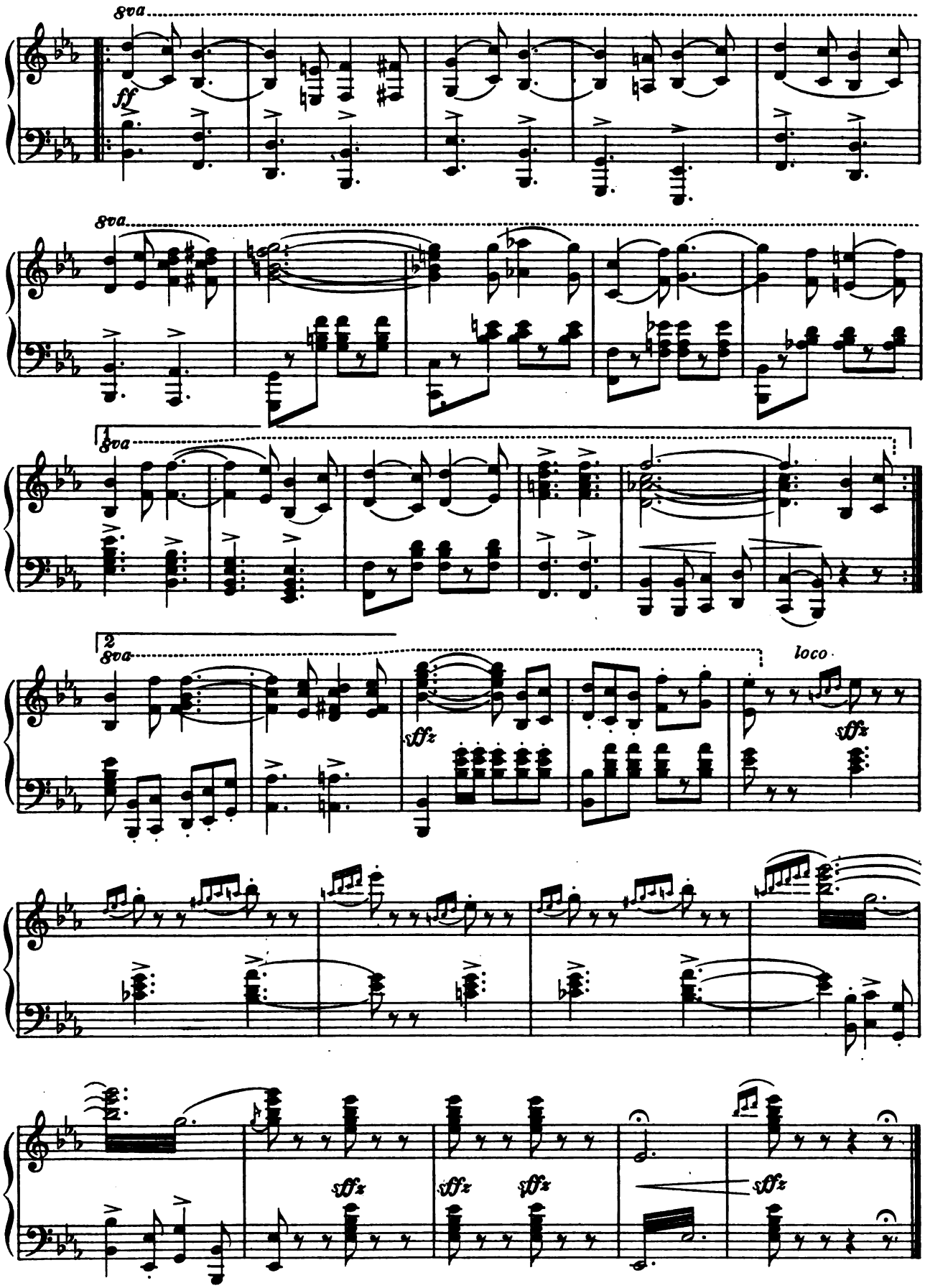

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MELODRAMATIC MUSIC.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo di marcia.

pp

sempre pp

1.

2.

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Tempo di Valse.

pp a tempo.

The little Princess appear.

p

THE LITTLE PRINCESS.

pp

Won't you be my

Val - en - tine Ne - mo dear? I am here,

Melodramatic.

Digitized by Google

Here a - lone in Slum - ber - land I a - wait

my play - mate I am lone - ly want you on - ly

Say, you will be mine I am lone - ly

want you on - ly Say you will be mine!

Melodramatic.

Digitized by Google

Dialogue.

Poco meno mosso.

pp

1.

2.

ppp

Melodramatic.

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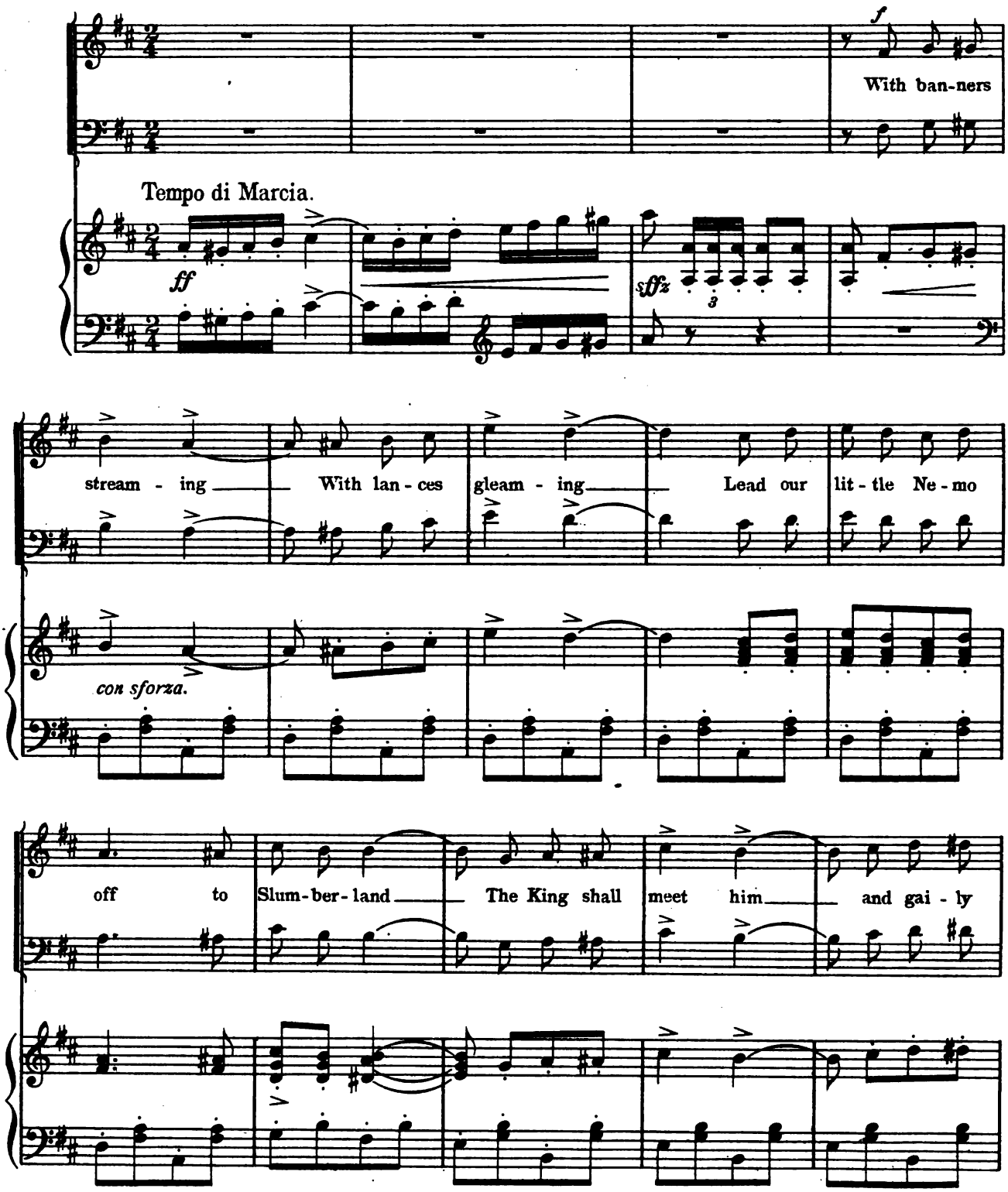
AWAY WE FLOAT.

Chorus.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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greet him for at the Court he'll have po - si - tion grand where toys and

can - dy are ev - er han - dy and life is like a long, long

hol - i - day He'll be as hap - py this lit - tle chap - py that

unis.

unis.

Away We Float.

Digitized by Google

he for - ev - er there will want to stay.

Drum corps on stage.

Digitized by Google

ENSEMBLE.

ff

With drum and trum-pet we will march, march, march, with fifes all

sfz *sfz* *sfz* *sfz* *sfz*

squeal-ing let us march, march, march, While the cym-bals clang

sfz *sfz* *sfz* *sfz*

sfz

and the big drums bang, let us march off to Slum-ber-land.

sfz

8va

Away We Float.

Digitized by Google

With drums and trum-pets we will march, march, march, with fifes all

squeal-ing we will march, march, march While the cym-bals clang,

and the big drum bang, let us march off to Slum-ber-land.

Away We Float.

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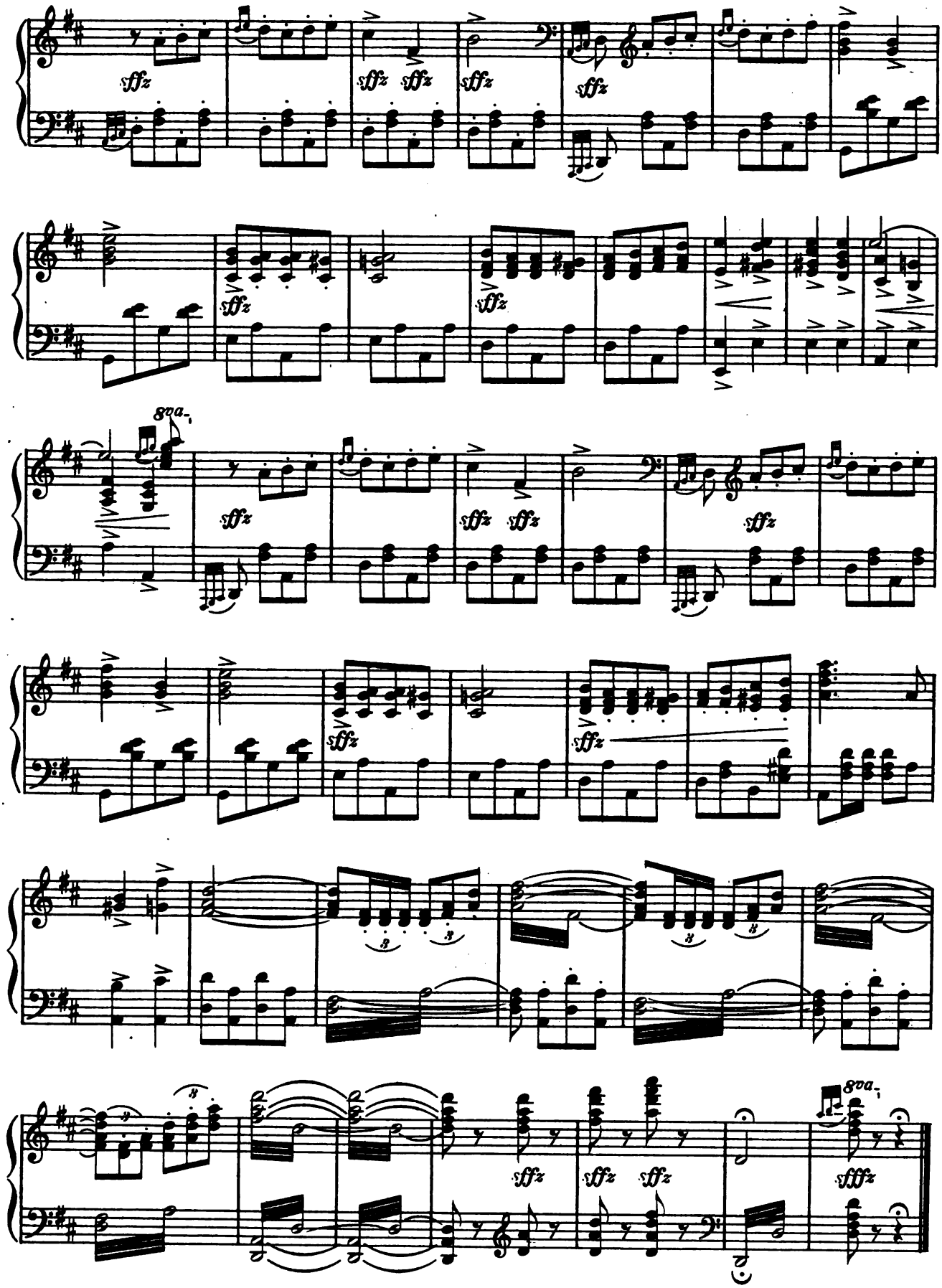

Away We Float.

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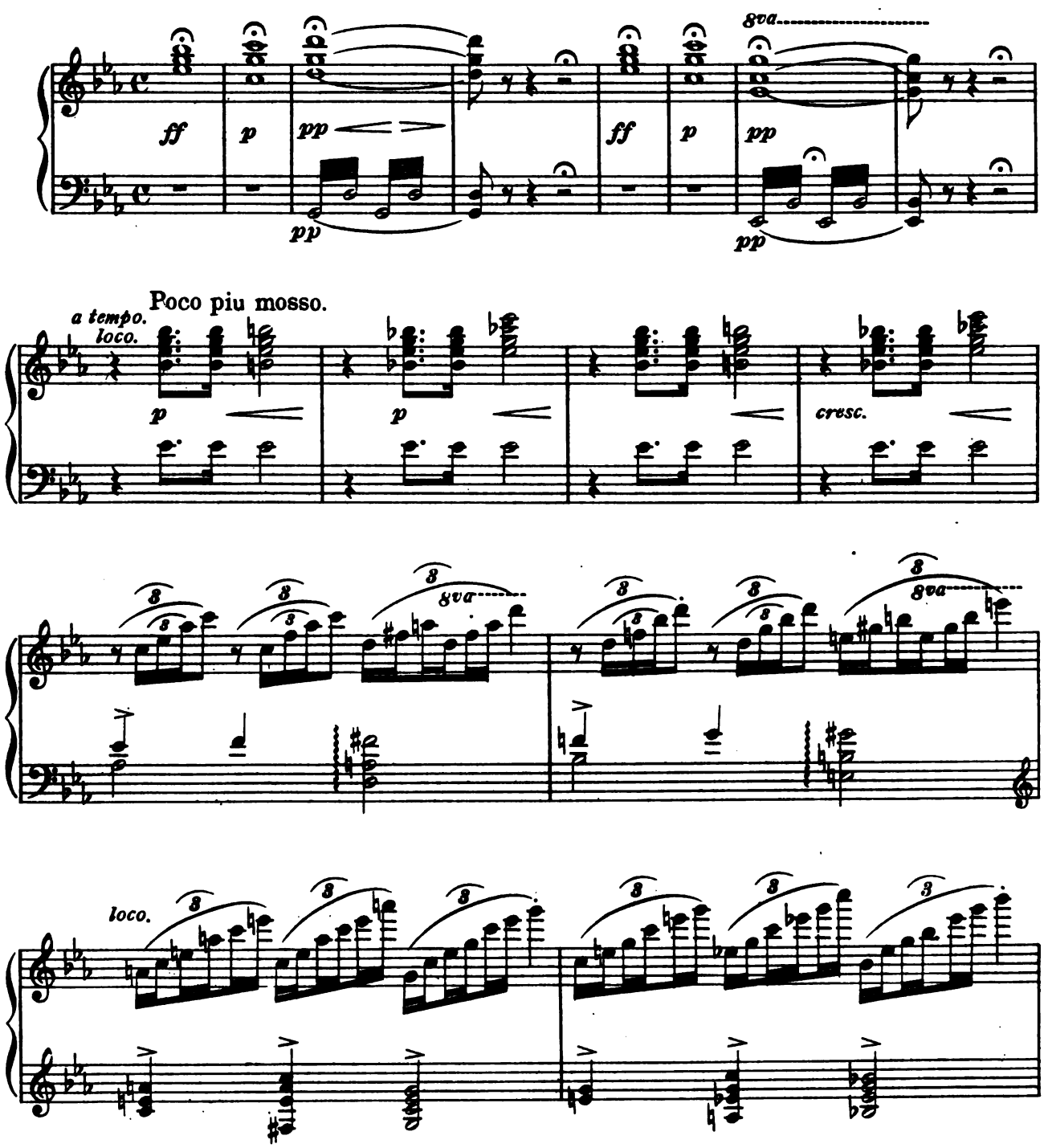
ACT II.

THE WEATHER FACTORY IN CLOUDLAND.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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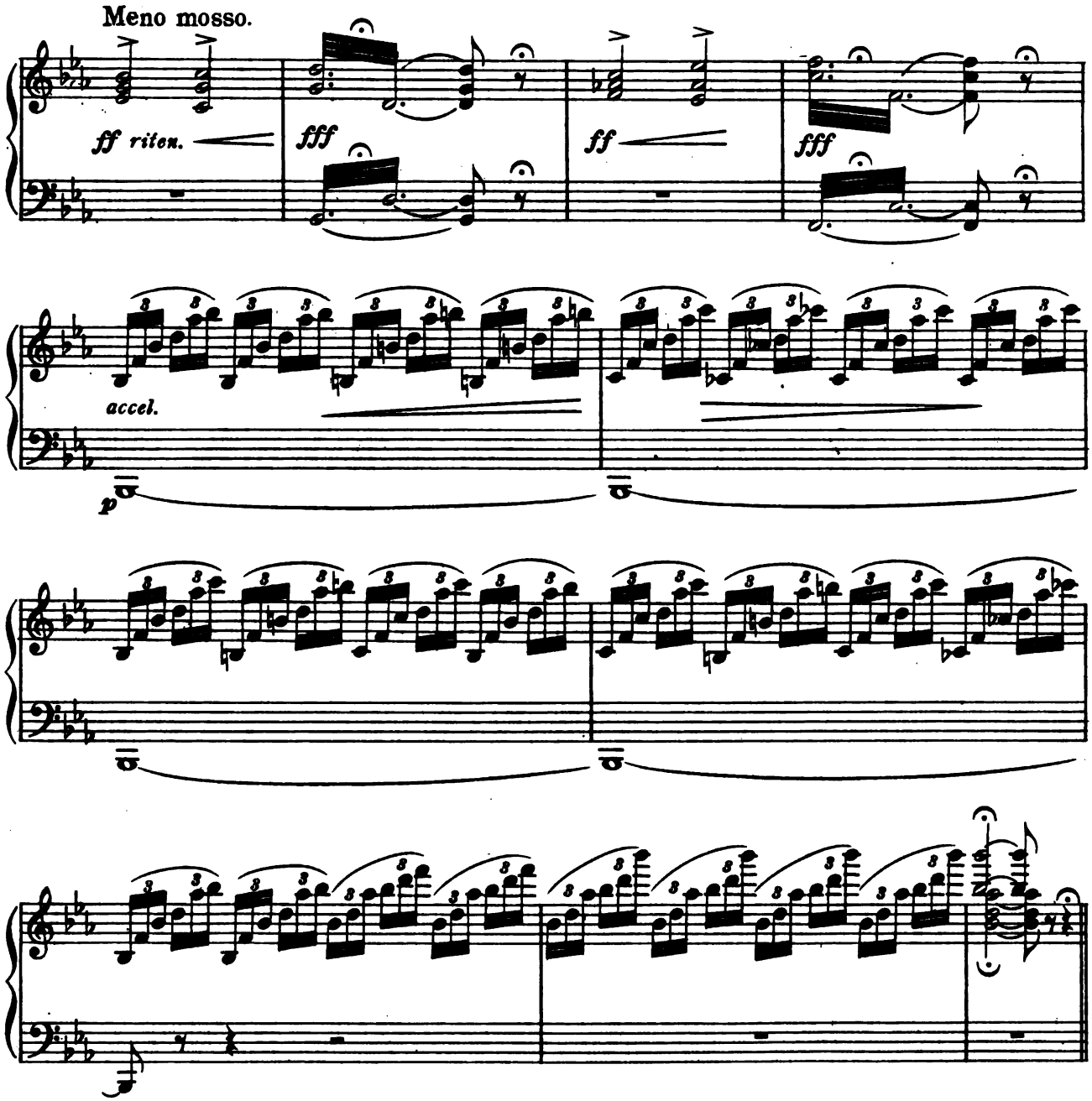

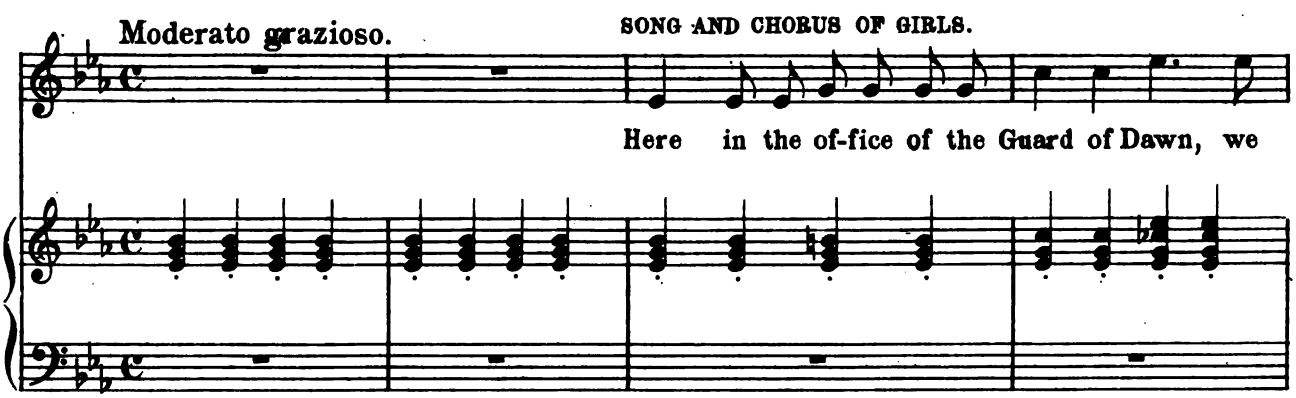

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work a-way to-geth-er, Day af-ter day we keep a work-ing on, our

line is whole-sale weath-er, The peo-ple on earth their or-ders give, for

hot, or cold or Ze-ro, And we turn out what they don't want, at our

p

fa-mous weath-er bu-reau, The chil-dren write to us and say: Please

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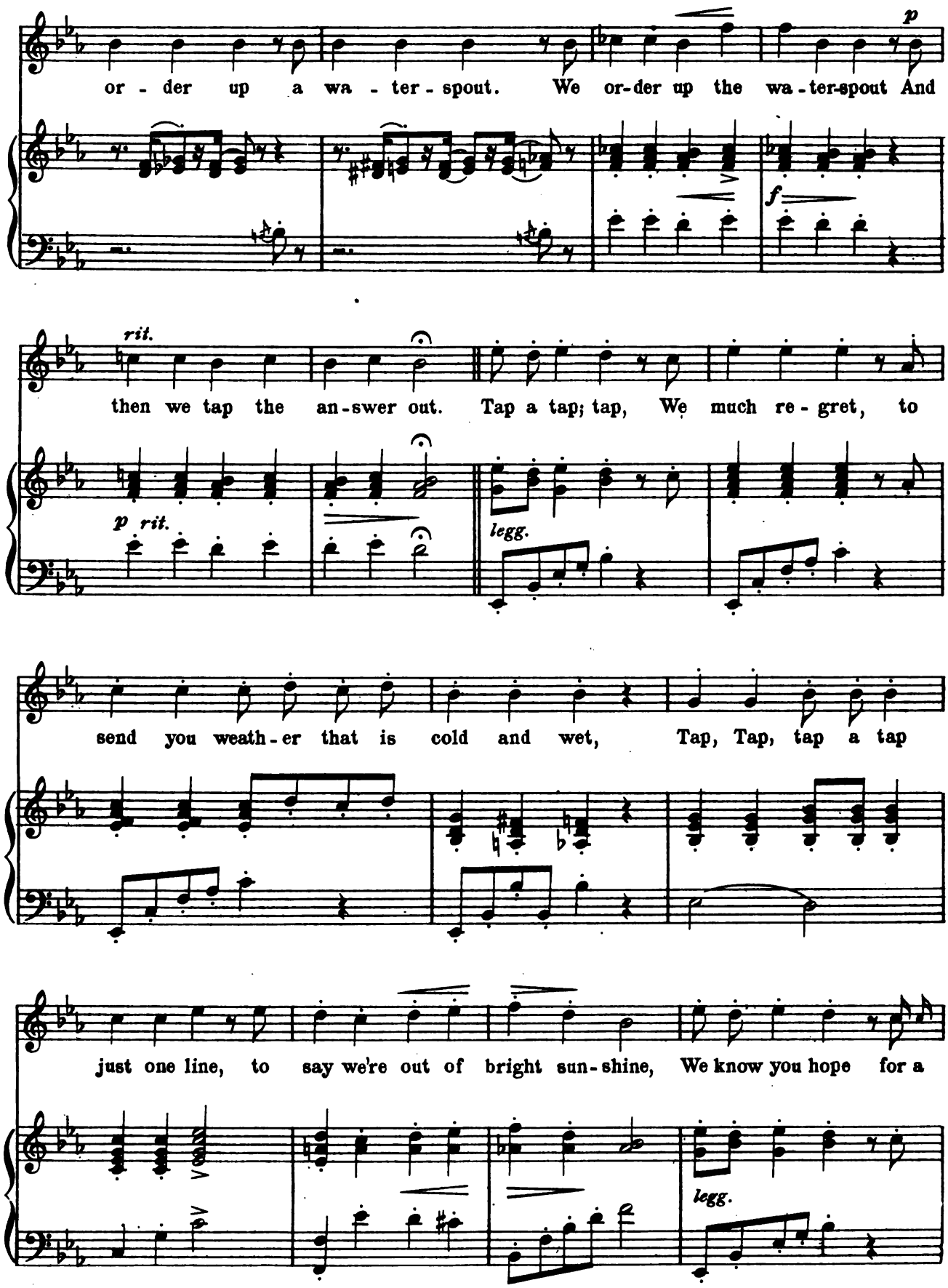

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pleas-ant day, so out of doors you can romp and play, But the

farm-ers write of the heat com-plain, So tap a tap, tap, We send you rain.

GIRLS.

Tap a tap, tap, we much re - gret, to send you weath-er that is

cold and wet, Tap, tap, tap a tap, just one line, to

Digitized by Google

say we're out of bright sun - shine, We know you hope for a

legg.

pleas - ant day, so out of doors you can romp and play, But the

farm-ers write of the heat com - plain, So tap a tap, tap! We

send you rain!

p *pp* *f* *sfz*

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THE HEN AND THE WEATHER VANE.

Flip and Barometer Girl.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

rit.

1. A lit-tle
2. That lit-tle

Allegro moderato.

f

poco rit. *rit.*

a tempo.

ban - tam hen in a barn - yard dwelt, And a white lit - tle hen was
ban - tam hen sat and moped all day, She wept as a hen will

pp a tempo.

she, All the roost - ers there thought her more than fair As they
do, But that gold - en bird nev - er heard a word How the

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wooed her on bend - ed knee. But the ban - tam hen did - n't
wind blew he nev - er knew. On a day quite warm came a

care for men, So their chan - ces were but small; She had
thun - der storm, With an aw - ful roar and din; Then that

love un-told for the roost - er bold On the top of a steep - le tall. So
roost - er gold to the barn - yard rolled, And the in-quest proved him tin. Then

portato. *rit.*

look - ing up the whole day long, That love - sick ban - ty sang this song.
she said: "Though he looked so swell, You can't most al - ways some - times tell."

pp

The Hen.

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Refrain.
Tempo di Valse.

Weather Vane! Weather Vane! You're so far a - bove me, I can't ex-
Weather Vane! Weather Vane! You're a vain de - lu - sion. When way up

dolciss. *pp*

pect 'twould be cor - rect For one so high to love me, Weather Vane!
there you were a snare For an - y heart's con-fus - ion, Weather Vane!

pp

Weather Vane! Proud you are I see _____ But whether vain or
Weather Vane! You're false now I see _____ As you're but tin you

1. *Repeat for Dance.* 2.

not you are the one for me. _____ –
can - not win a hen like – me. _____

D.S.

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SUNBEAMS, SNOWFLAKES, RAIN DROPS.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Moderato grazioso.

p

Life de - pends up - on the weath - er On a rain - y day
When Jack Frost ap - pears be - fore us For his win - ter whirl

p semplice

Ev - 'ry bod - y won - ders wheth - er Clouds will pass a - way
There's a joy - ful wel - come cho - rus From each boy and girl

Thun - ders rum - ble while we grum - ble For the sun we sigh
Chil - dren wait - ing for their skat - ing Ea - ger one and all

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Sud - den - ly we see the a - zure Gleam - ing in the sky.
And their sleds are good and read-y For the first snow fall.

Meno mosso.

Sun - beams, sun - beams Now the weath - er's fair
Snow - flakes, snow - flakes Oh, what fun you bring

pp

Sun - beams, sun - beams Glanc - ing ev - 'ry where
Snow - flakes, snow - flakes Shouts of laugh - ter ring

Flow - ers spring-ing; birds are sing - ing Sum - mer's spell be guiles
Sleigh-bells jing - ling red cheeks ting - ling Keen for sport and play

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When the sun is shin - ing Then this worlds all smiles.
When the snow is fall - ing Chil - drens hearts are gay.

Dance.

pp

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"MAY DAY MARCH"

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo di Marcia.

f *ff* *Tutti* *ff* *sfz* *sffz* *brillant* *sfz* *sfz* *sfz* *f* *dim.*

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CHILDREN.

f

Blow up - on the bu - gle! Sound up - on the Drum!

mf

For in gay pro - ces - sion march - ing on we come

Come with toys and mar - bles, come with bat and ball

p

To our May - day par - ty gath - er one and all

May Day March.

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To our May - day par - ty, gath - er one and all

Girls bring your dol - lies in their Sun - day best

They'll love the par - ty much as all the rest

May Day March.

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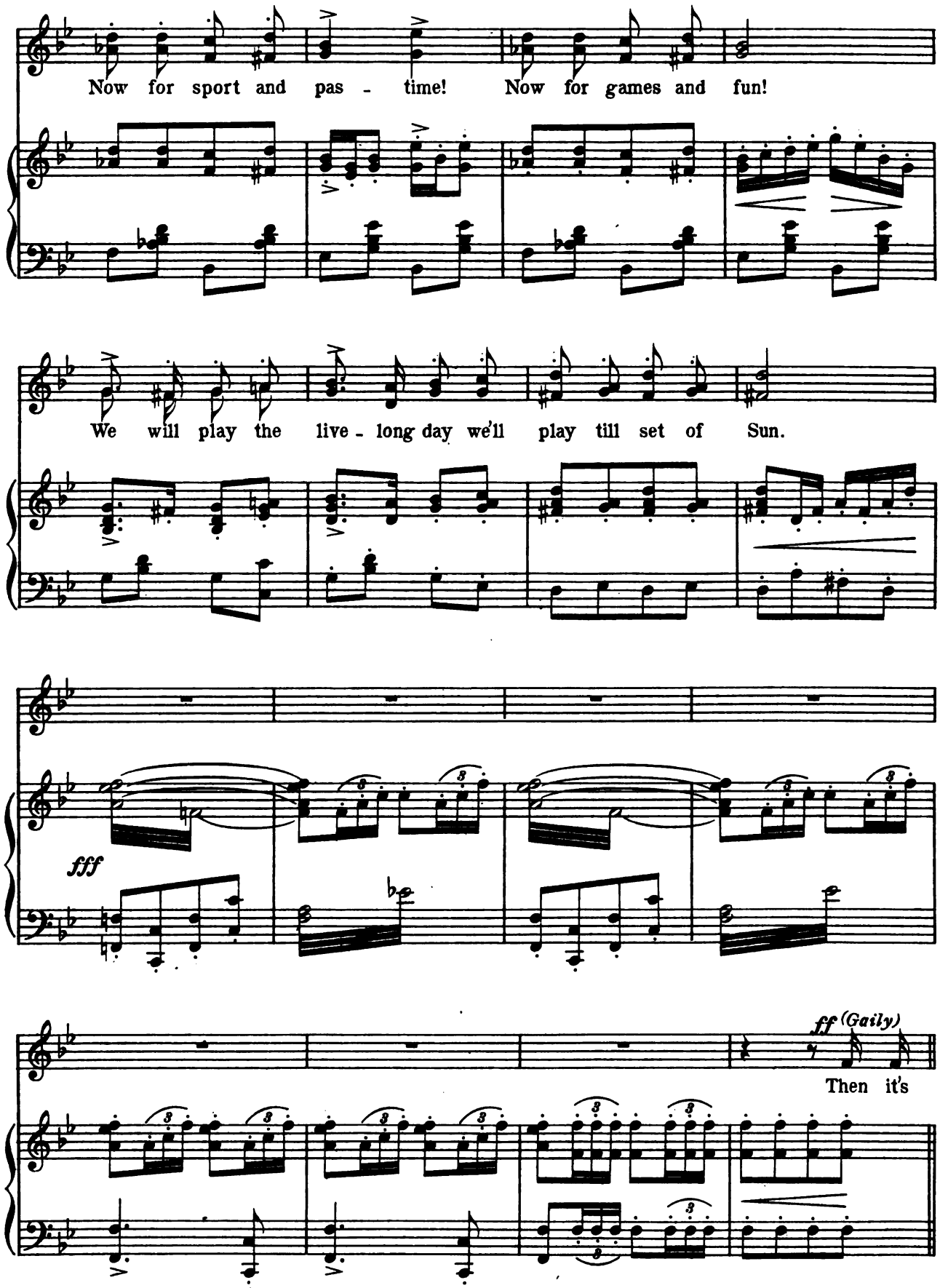

May Day March.

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left! right! march - ing proud - ly just like Sol - diers

ff

do Step - ping proud - ly, Sing - ing loud - ly

unis.

cresc.

All ad - mire the view Shout - ing cheer - ing,

f *fp*

f *fp* *cresc.* *molto*

noth - ing fear - ing we en - joy the noise Left! right!

fp *sfz* shout

fp *ff* *sfz* *ff* *sffz*

May Day March.

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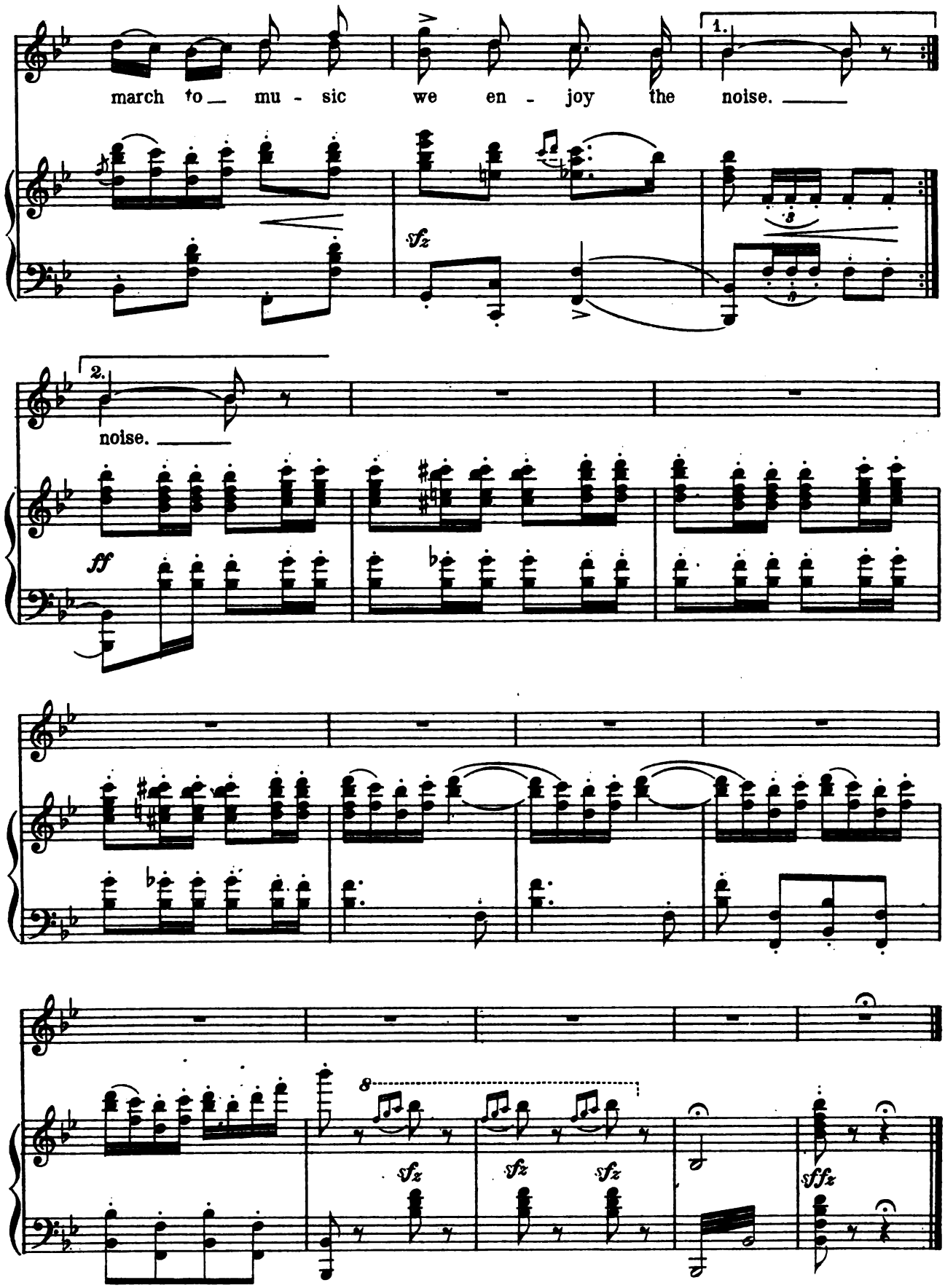

May Day March.

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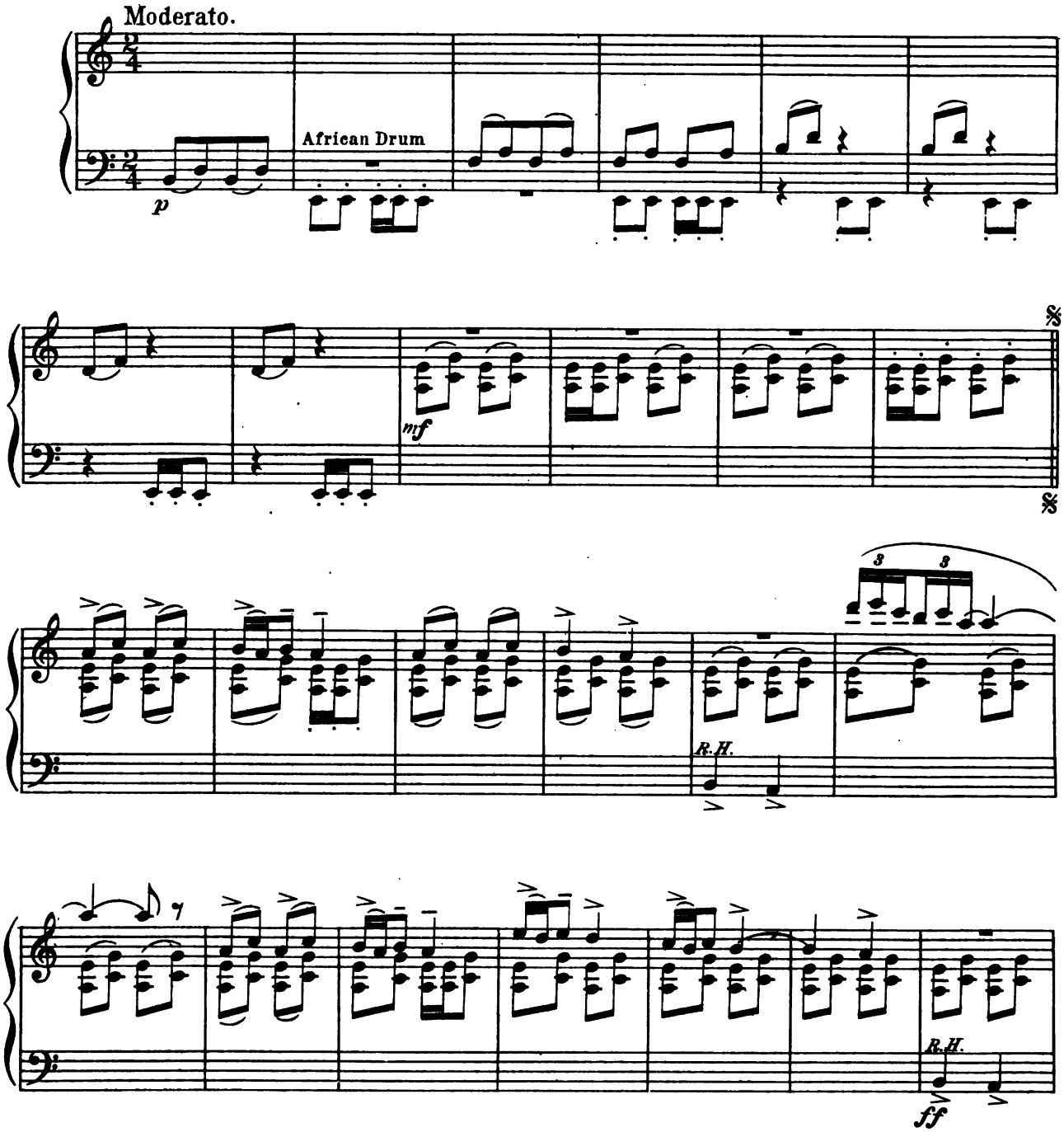
THE CANNIBAL ISLAND.

After Storm.

VICTOR HERBERT.



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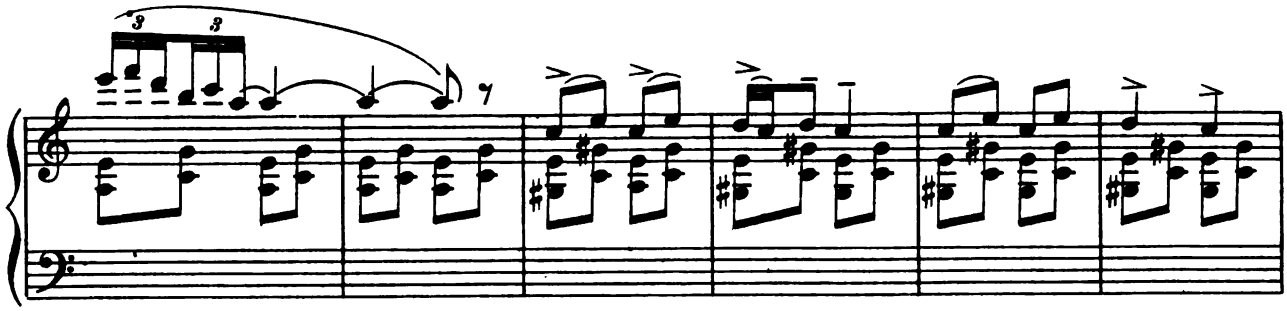

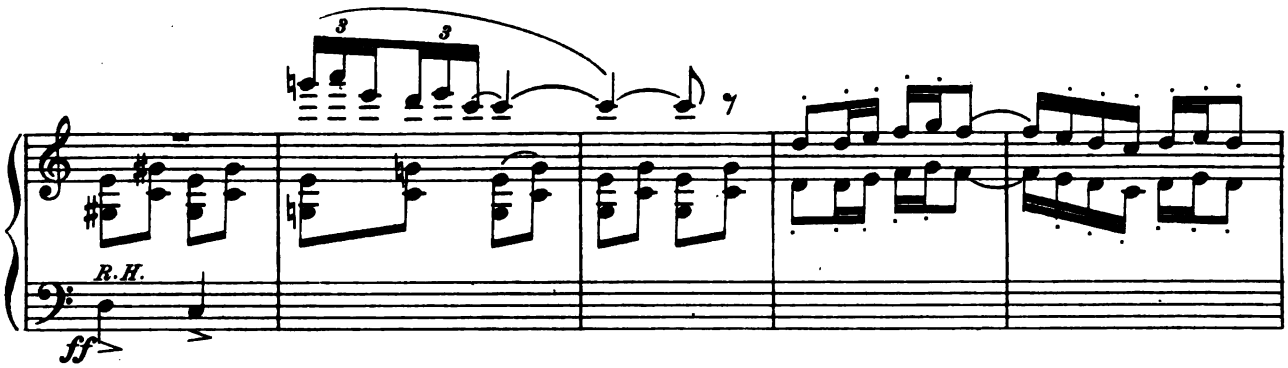

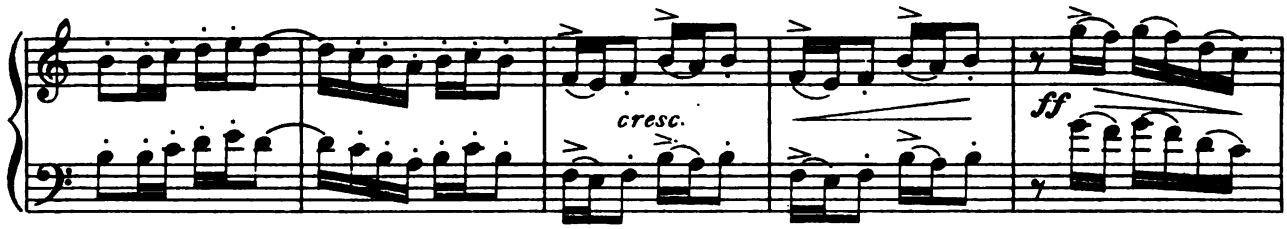

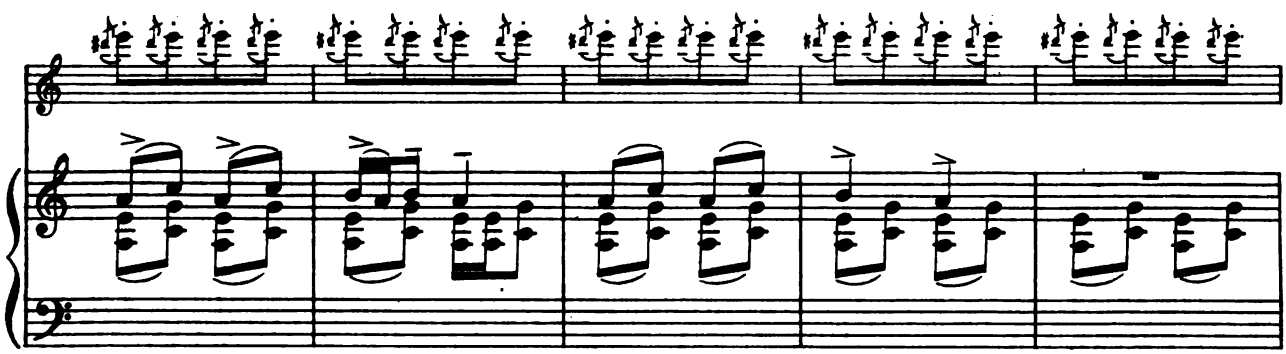

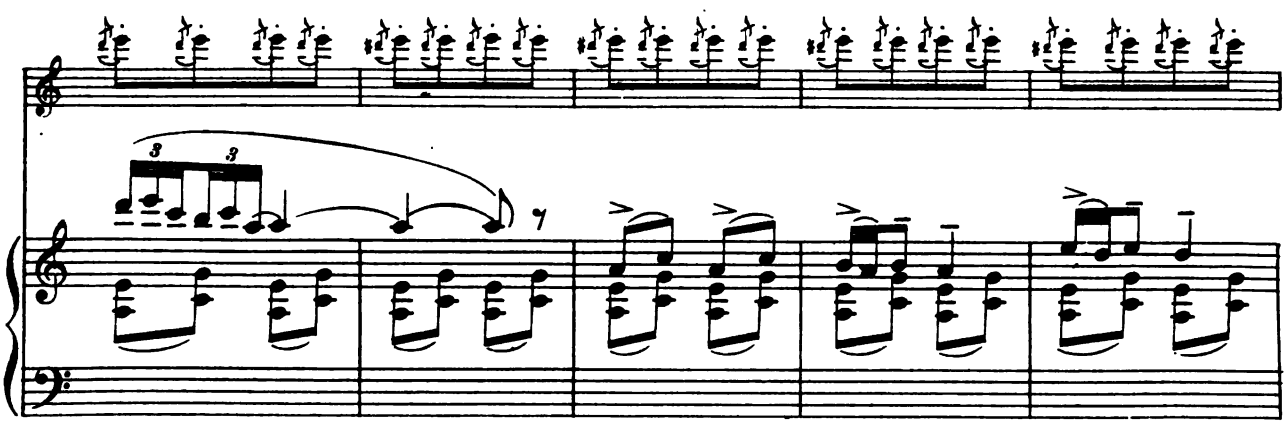

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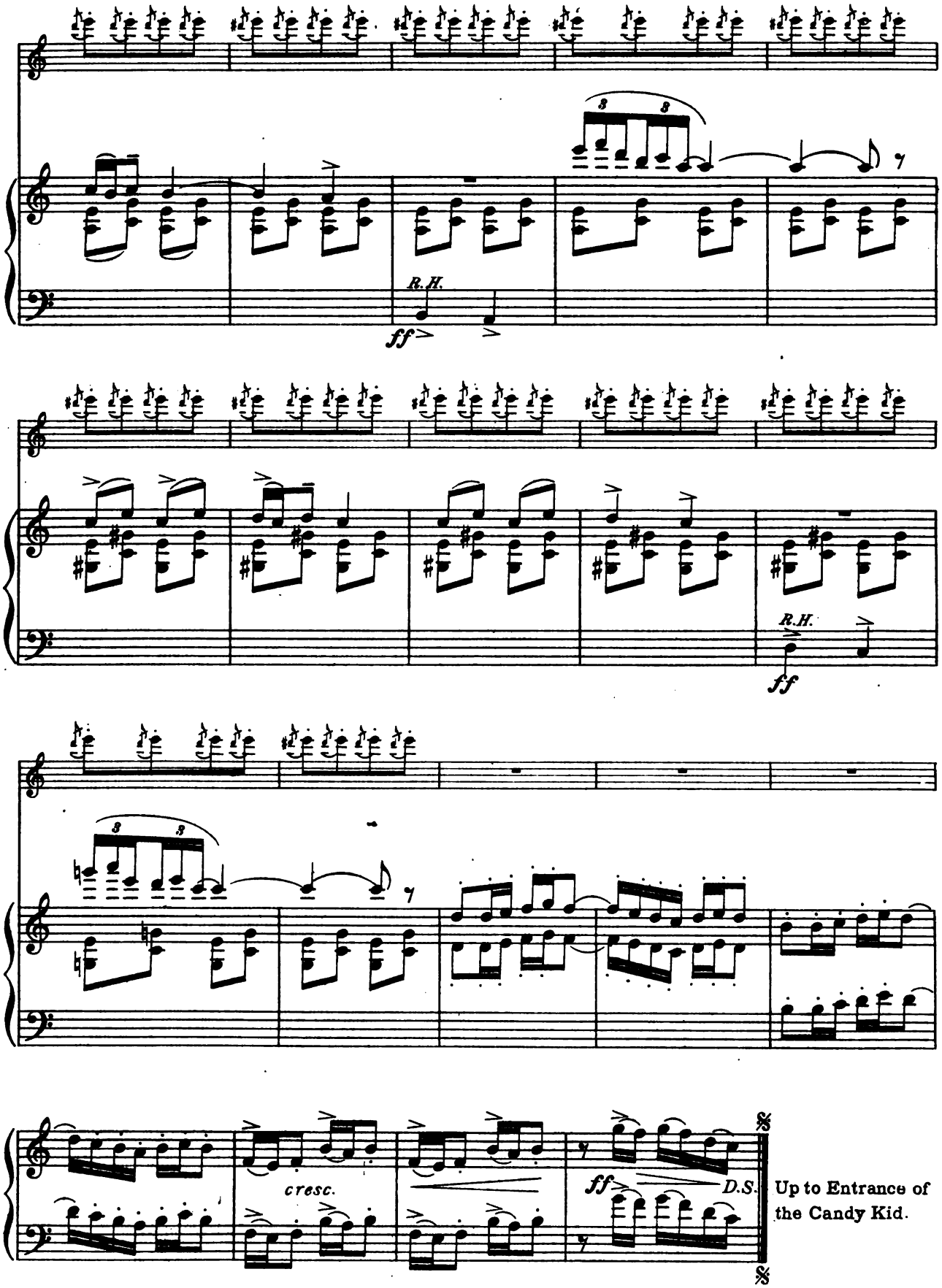

Up to Entrance of the Candy Kid.

The Cannibal Island

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WILL-O-THE-WISP.

Candy Kid and Dance of Savages.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo quisto e misterioso.

Out in the dis - mal swamp-land
Once in a dis - mal swamp-land

Far in the ev - ev - glades, The Will - o - the Wisp waves his
Wan - dered a maid - en fair The Will - o - the Wisp called please

lur - ing light In the dark pal - met - to shades
walk this way I will lead you with great care

There in the dead - ly quick-sand He seems a guide so true ___
On - ward she fol - lowed blind - ly Fol - lowed the fick - le guide ___

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But do not mind him, For you will find him Play-ing his tricks on you.
Wan-dered a - bout there, Still she is out there Old Jack o' Lan-tern's bride.

CHORUS.

Oo - ee - oo - ee - oo - ee - oo - ee - oo Play-ing his tricks on you.

Will - o - the Wisp! Will - o - the Wisp! You're an art - ful

pp *ppp* *pp*

sprite lur - ing on You're there! You're gone!

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With your danc-ing, glanc-ing light, Now you are here! Now you are there!

Will - o - the Wisp Will - o - the Wisp You

Will - o - the Wisp Will - o - the Wisp

can't fool me.

Oo - ee - oo - ee - oo.

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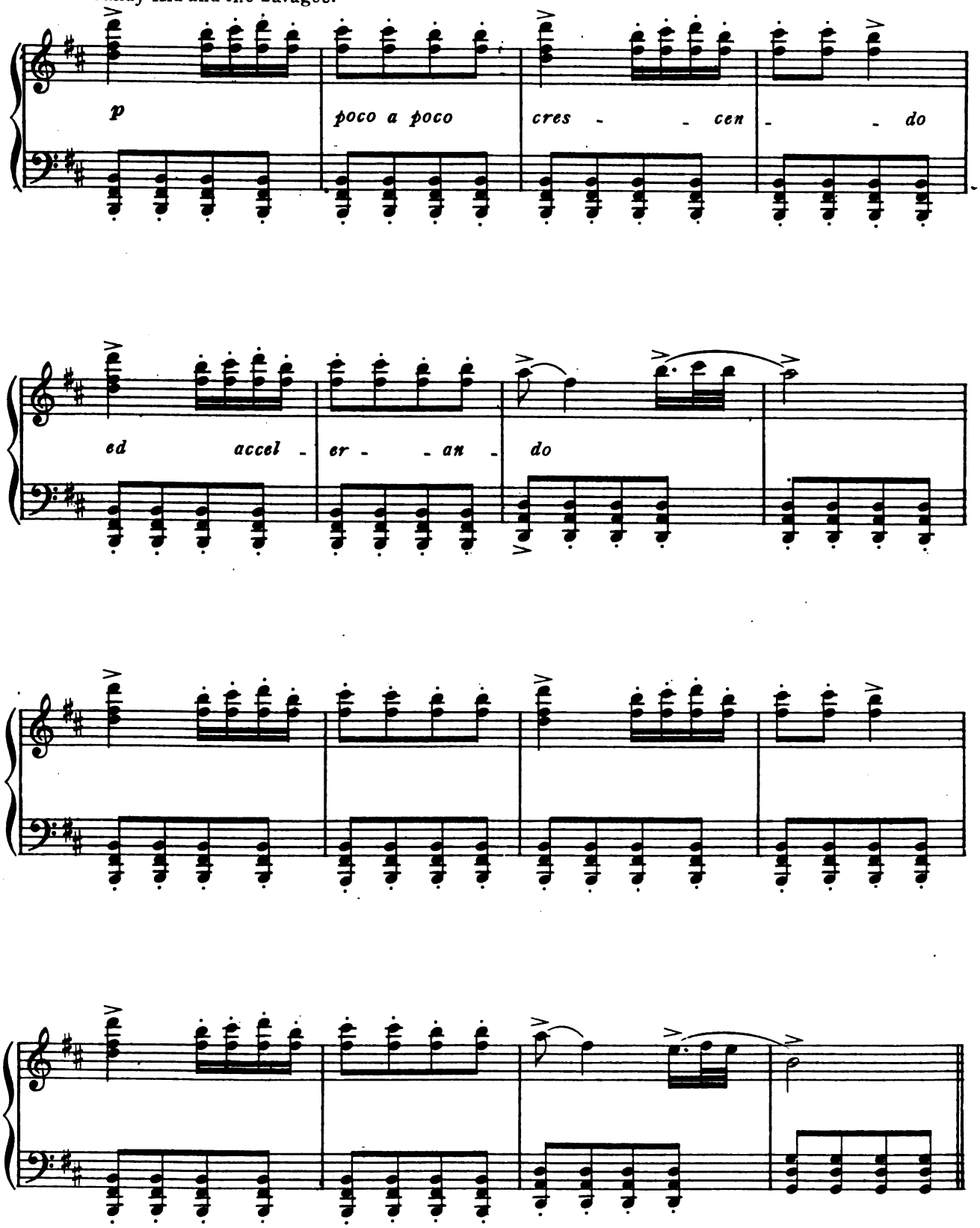
DANCE.

Candy Kid and the Savages.



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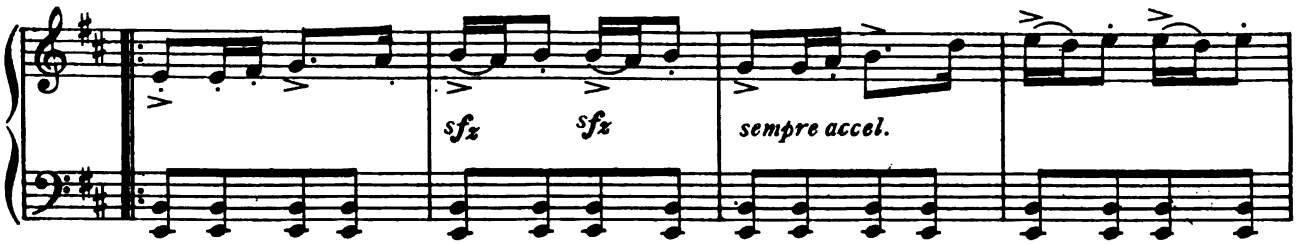

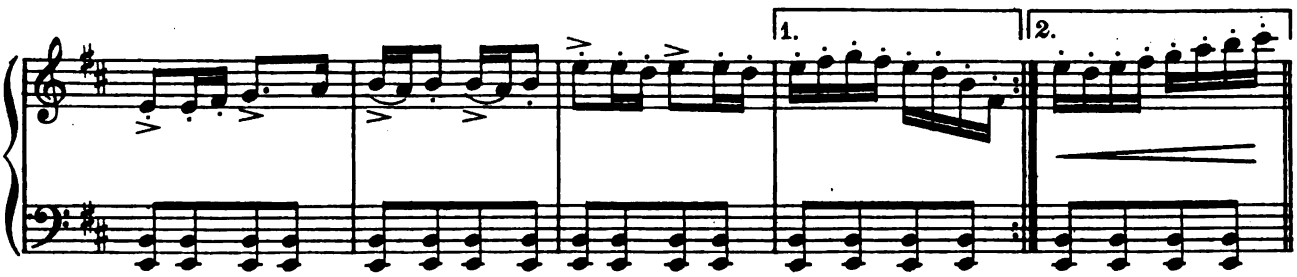

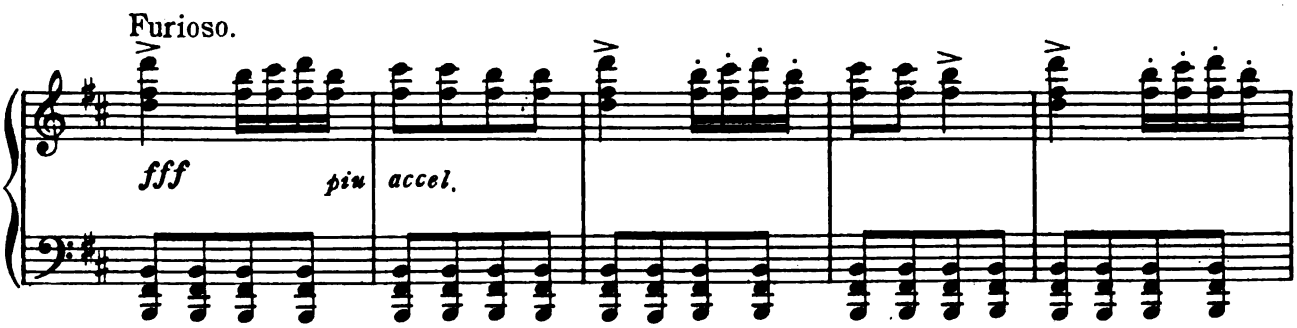

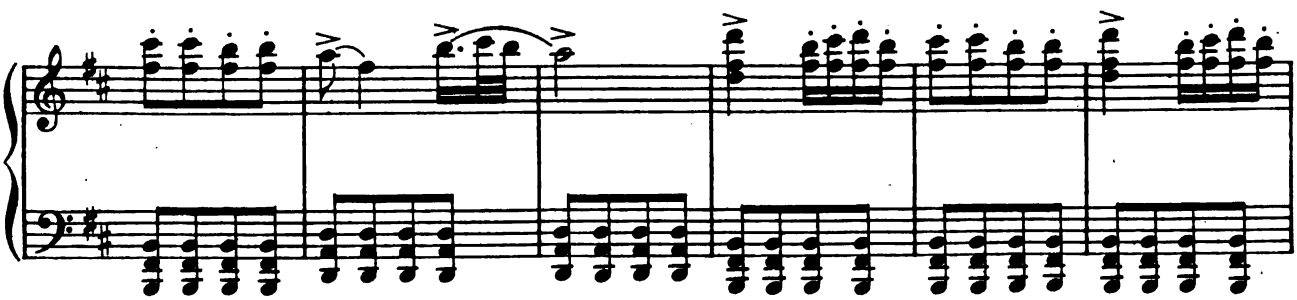

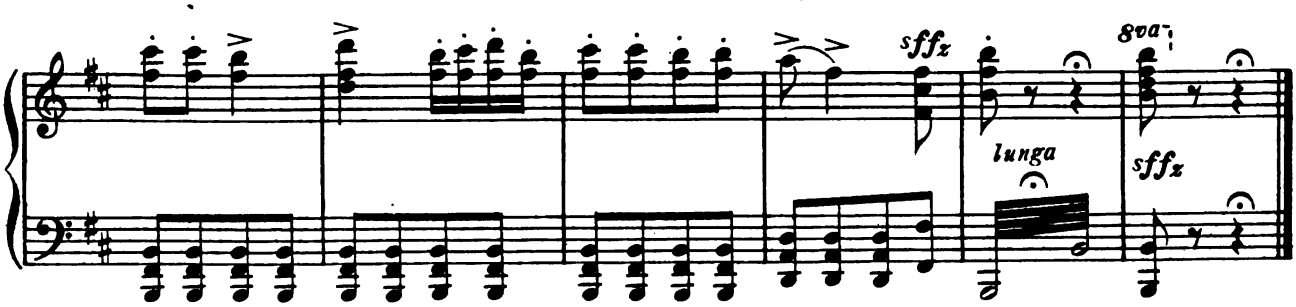

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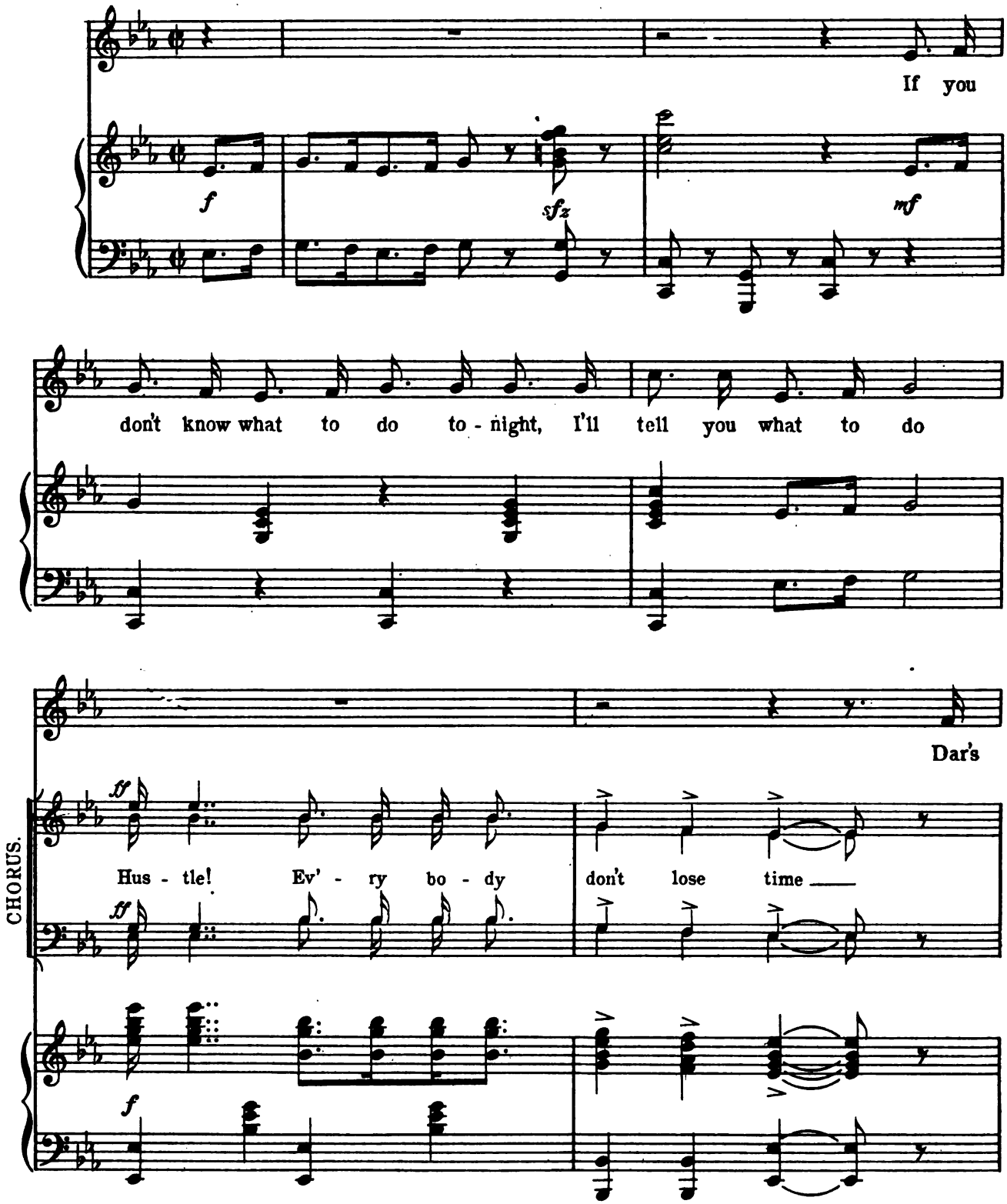
"THE CANNIBAL BARBECUE."

Finale.- 2nd Scene.- Act II.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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gwine to be a bar-be-cue, it won't be ve-ry slow

ff

Hus-tle! Ev'-ry bo-dy

ff

8va

ff

The an-gel cake am rea-dy, it am frost-ed on the top. The

get a move.

(shout)

mf

sfz

white folks dey am wait-in' an' dar's some-thing gwine to drop. We'll

(shout)

sfz

The Cannibal Barbecue.

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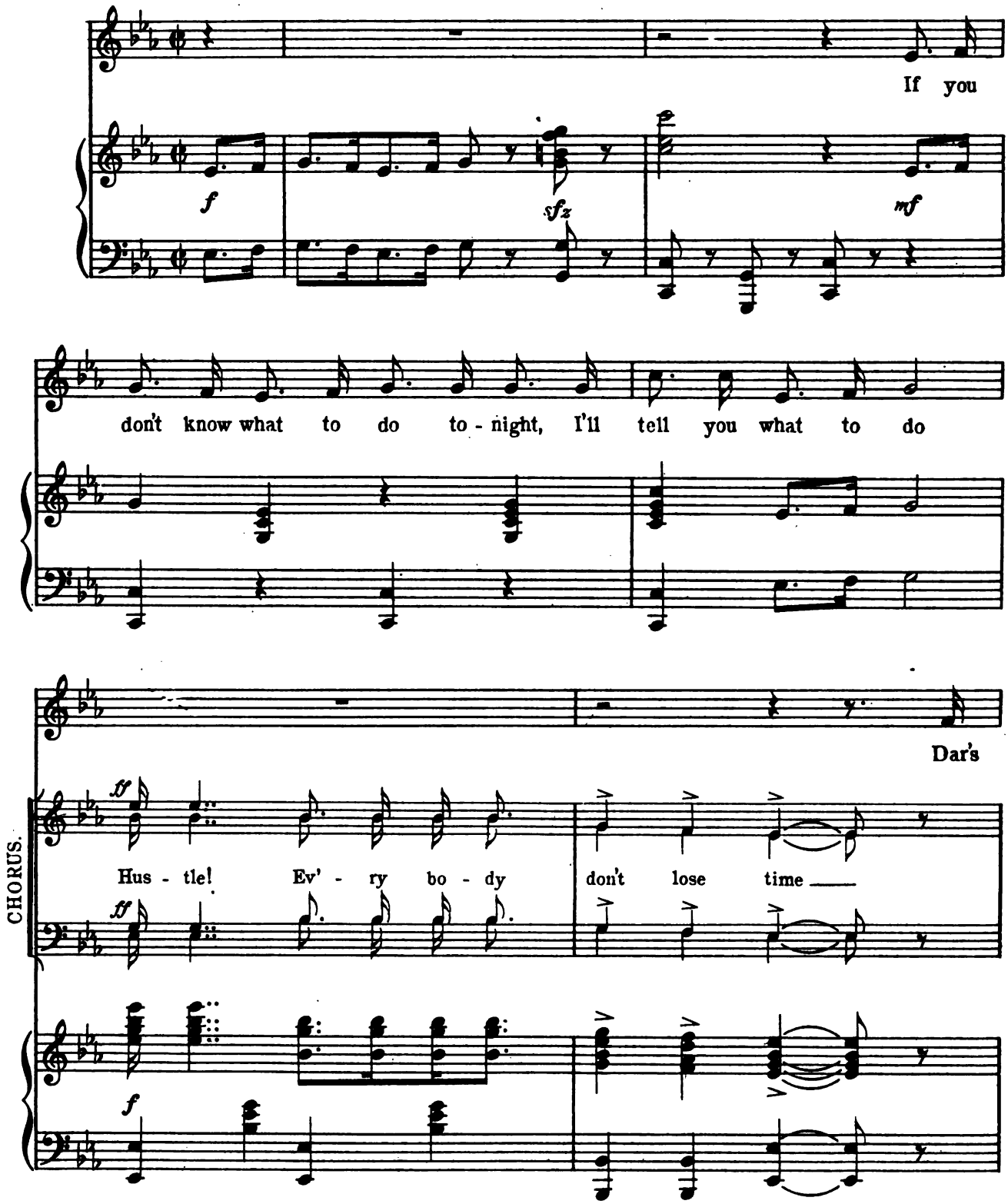

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(shout)

mf

sfz

white folks dey am wait-in' an' dar's some-thing gwine to drop. We'll

(shout)

sfz

The Cannibal Barbecue.

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make a big de-press-ion on de mis-sion-ar-y crop.

Don't you

miss it chil-lun, git a move

Clear de way oh won't you clear de way De

git a move

The Cannibal Barbecue.

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unis.

can - ni - bals is hun - gry an' de white's am in a

stew git a move come clear de way Oh can't you

clear de way

clear de way a cake-walk is - n't in it with a

clear de way

The Cannibal Barbecue.

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Can - ni - bal bar - be - cue Bar - be - cue!

ff *ff* *sempre* *ff*

Bar - be - cue a

cake-walk is - n't in it with a bar - be - cue.

f *ff* *sfz* *ff* *fff* *sfz* *sfz* 8va

The Cannibal Barbecue.

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IF I COULD TEACH MY TEDDY BEAR TO DANCE.

Trio.

Missionary, Betty and Dancing Bear.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Molto Moderato.

f *sfz accel.* *rit.*

I've got a Ted - dy Bear 'most life size He looks so aw - full - y
He is a ser - i - ous sort of bear Just looks a - round with a

p a tempo *p*

won - drous wise It would - n't give me the least sur - prise
haugh - ty stare And if I scold he dont seem to care

p

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If he would talk some day — He thinks an aw ful lot
He's sulk - y more or less, If I write him he

I can see And ver - y hap - py in deed I'd be
don't say No, He'll move a - round with me, so and so

If I could get him to dance with me when mu - sic starts to play. If
But he don't care to dance that I know thinks hes to old I guess.

rit.

sfz

I could teach my Ted - dy bear to dance like the bear I saw in the

p

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show I'd be the hap - pi - est girl in the world, but he

seems to be so slow, I've tried him with the two - step

that won't do Oh! I've giv - en him ev - 'ry chance, it would be immense, I would

give ten cents if my Ted-dy bear would learn to dance. dance.

1. 2.

sfz

D. S.

If I could teach etc.3

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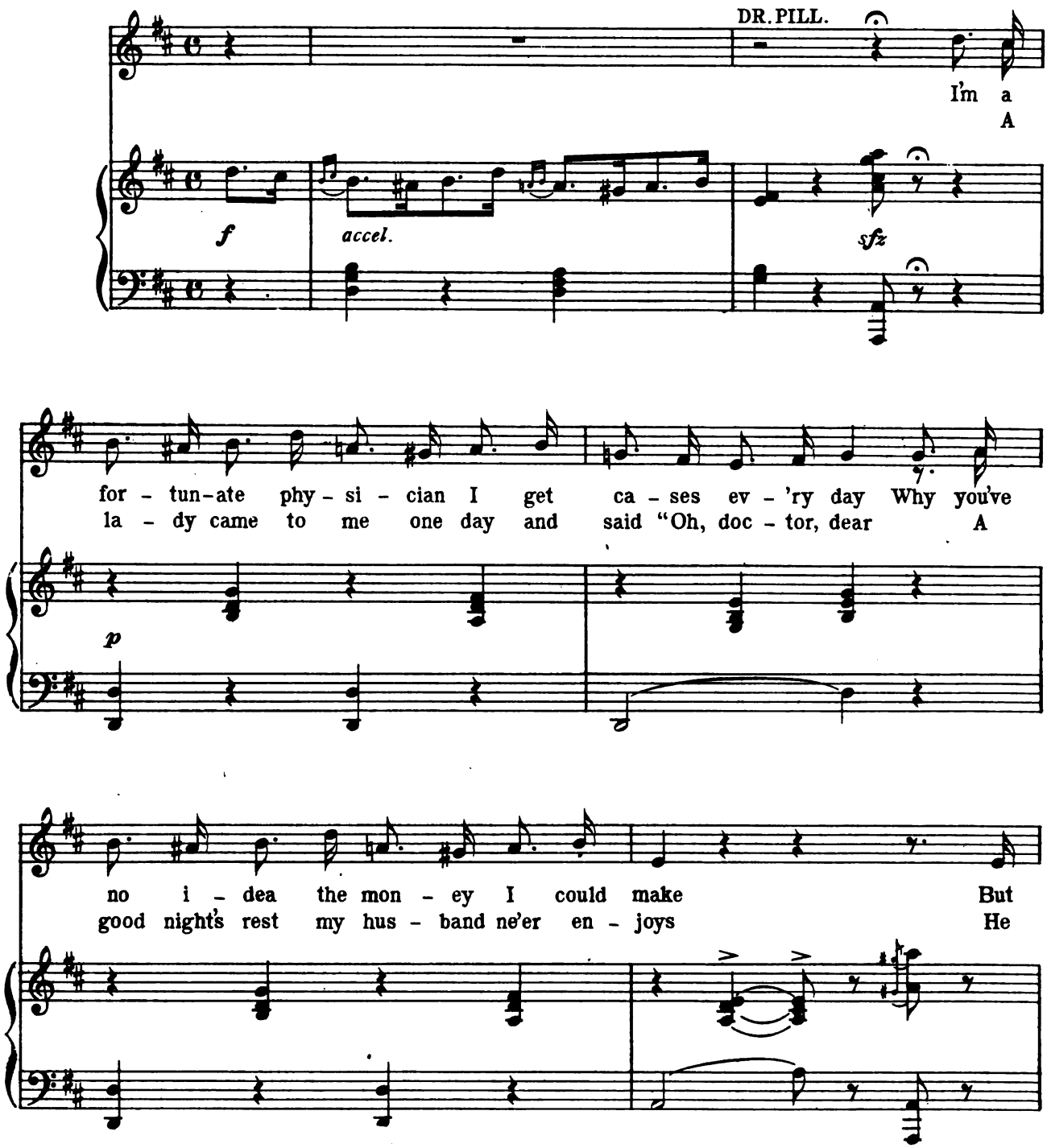
I WOULDN'T TAKE A CASE LIKE THAT.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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near - ly o - ver half of twice the ca - ses that they bring I
lies a wake all night and is a ner - vous wreck all day, The

pos-i-tive-ly must re-fuse to take For in stance just the oth - er day a
cats in our backyard make so much noise I gave to her a pow-der but she

fz *p*

man was brought to me, Who'd— swal-lowed a ther - mome-ter if you
hur - ried back next day Said my hus - band's dead 'round at the

please I could tell it at a glance That he did - n't have a chance, For I
flats I gave him your pow-der Doc— Now he's dead, 'twas such a shock "Gott" I

Digitized by Google

saw the man was dy - ing by de - grees. Oh! I
said "I gave you that to give the cats. Oh! I

sfz *p*

would - n't take a case like that If they of - fered me a fee so
would - n't take a case like that If they of - fered me a fee so

fat A man with such an ap-pe-tite he ought to die it serves him right I
fat She did not care which one was cured and cats don't have their lives in-sured I

would - n't no I could - n't take a case like that.
would - n't no I could - n't take a case like that.

sfz

Repeat for Dance

I would'nt take etc. 3

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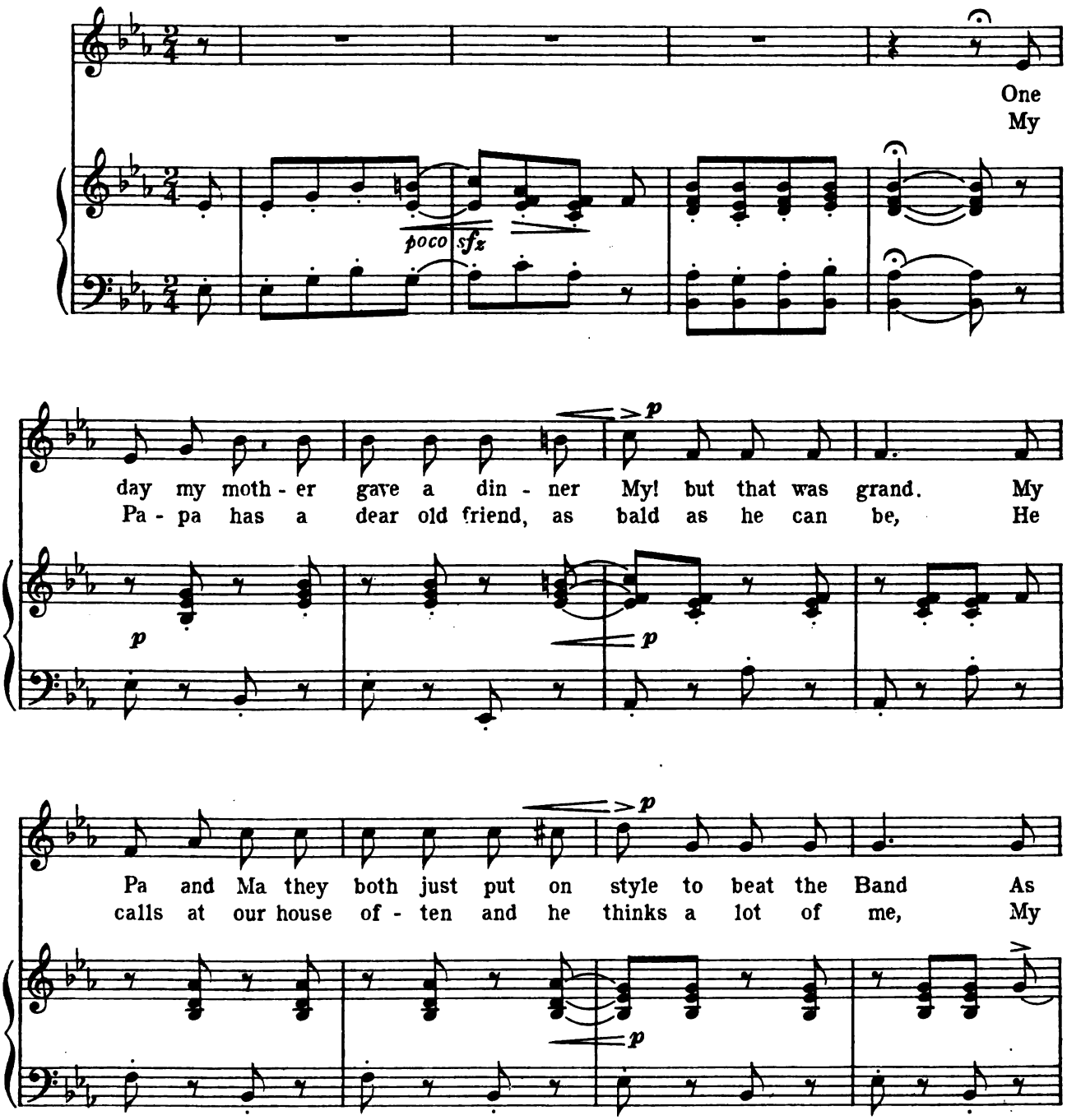
I GUESS I TALK TOO MUCH.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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things was get - ting dull I thought I'd en - ter - tain 'em some. So
lit - tle ba - by broth - er has no hair up - on his head, So

poco rit.

I speaks up and says "Say, you just bet I'm glad to come___ At
one day to this gen - tle - man I in - no - cent - ly said.___ Say

poco rit.

last we've got e - nough to eat, I wish you'd come to stay We've
you and ba - by looks a - like, you neith - er got no hair If

lived on eggs and break - fast feed since last Thanks - giv - ings day___ Them
you're his pa - pa, tell us! say you ought to see him stare___ Then

I guess &c.

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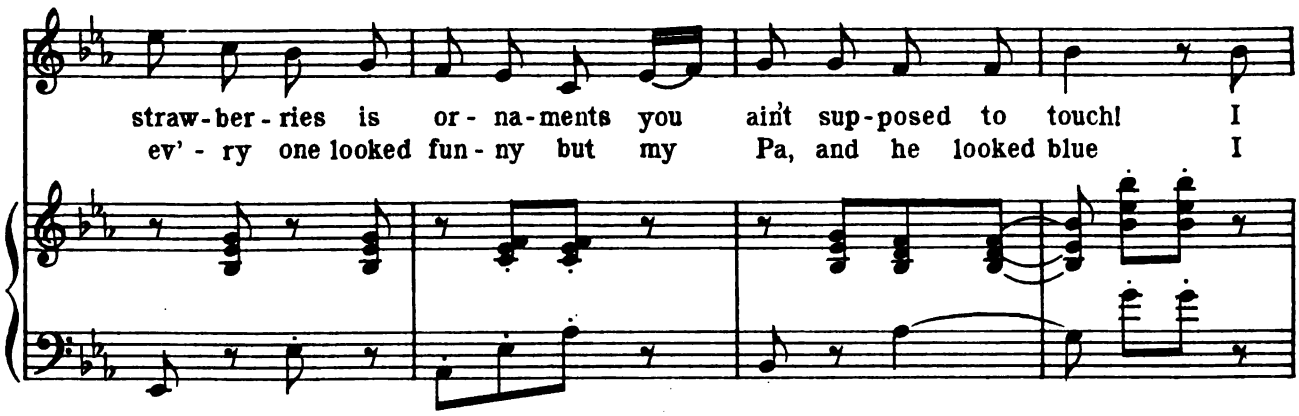
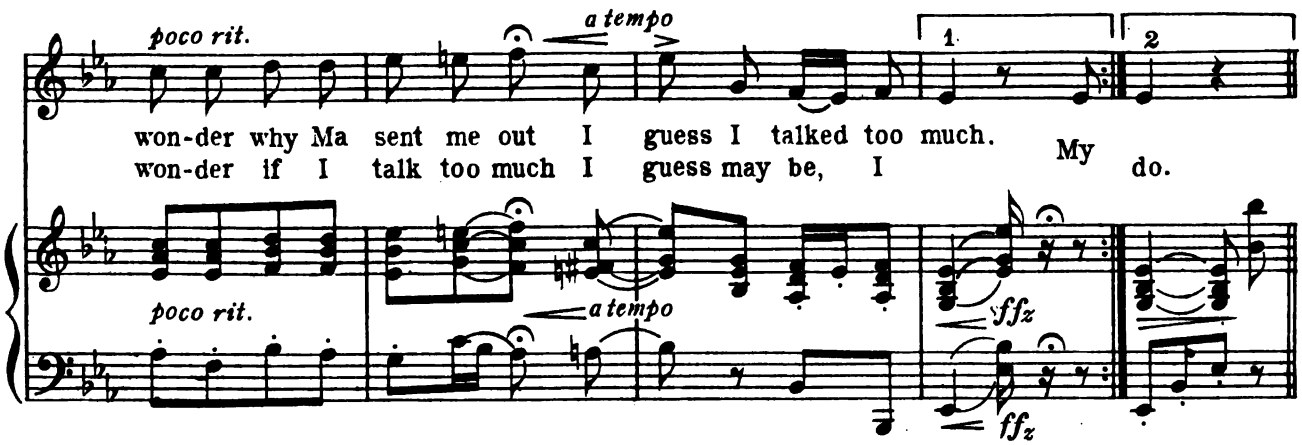
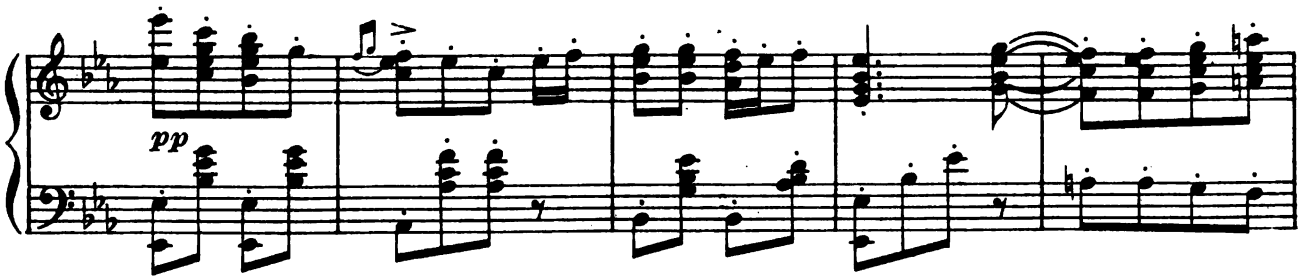
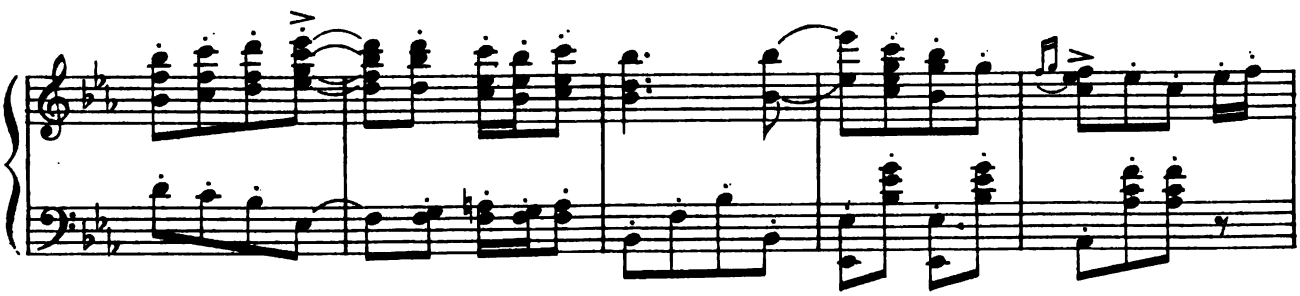
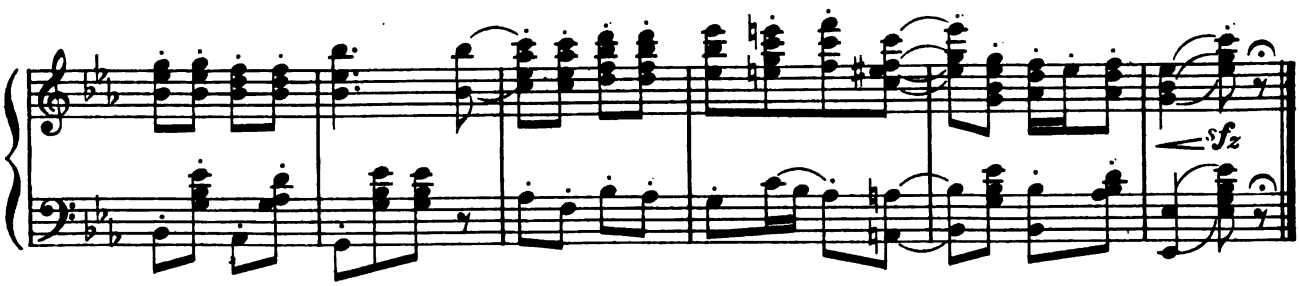




DANCE.







I guess &c.

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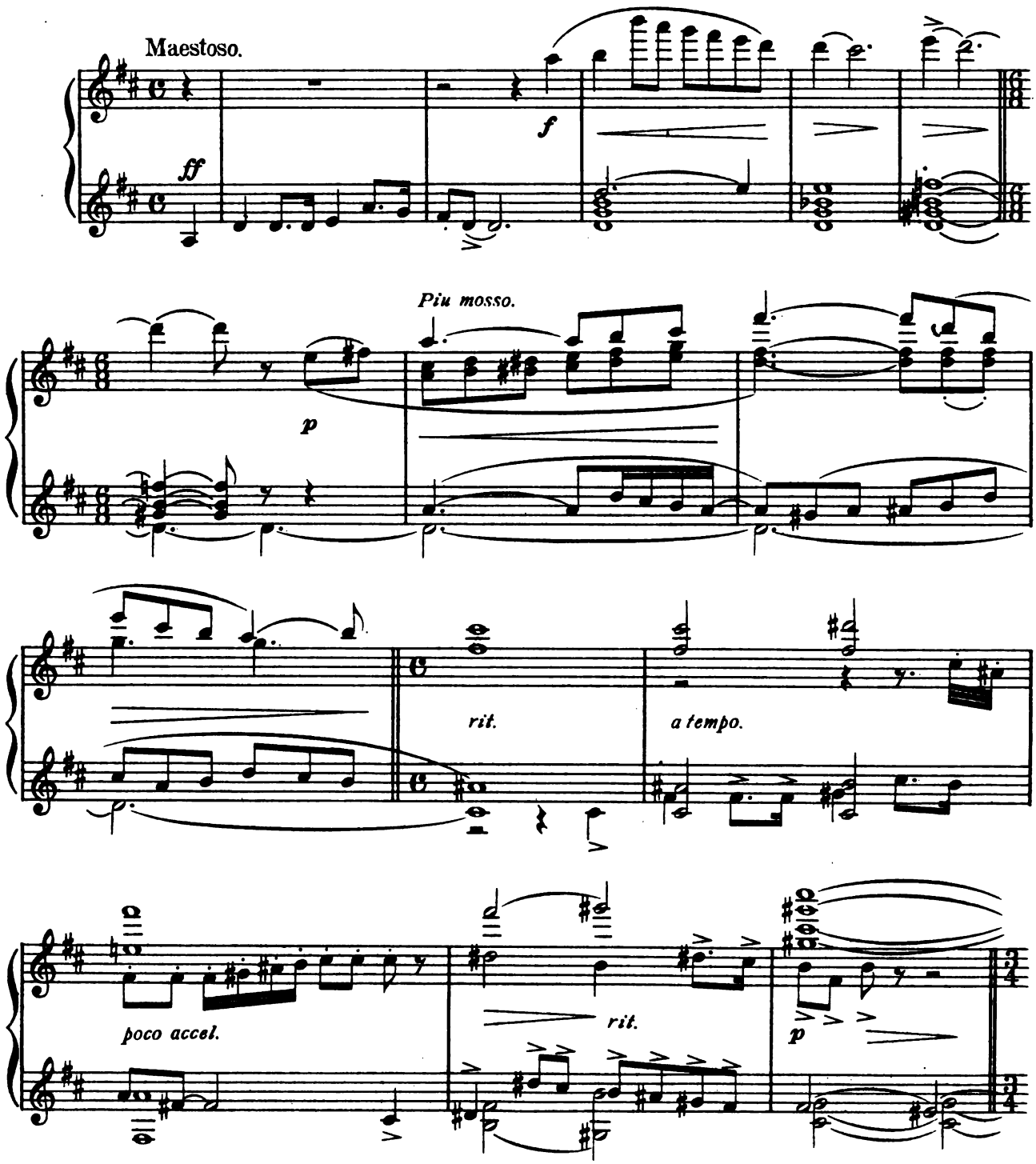
NEMO'S DREAM OF FOURTH JULY.

VICTOR HERBERT.



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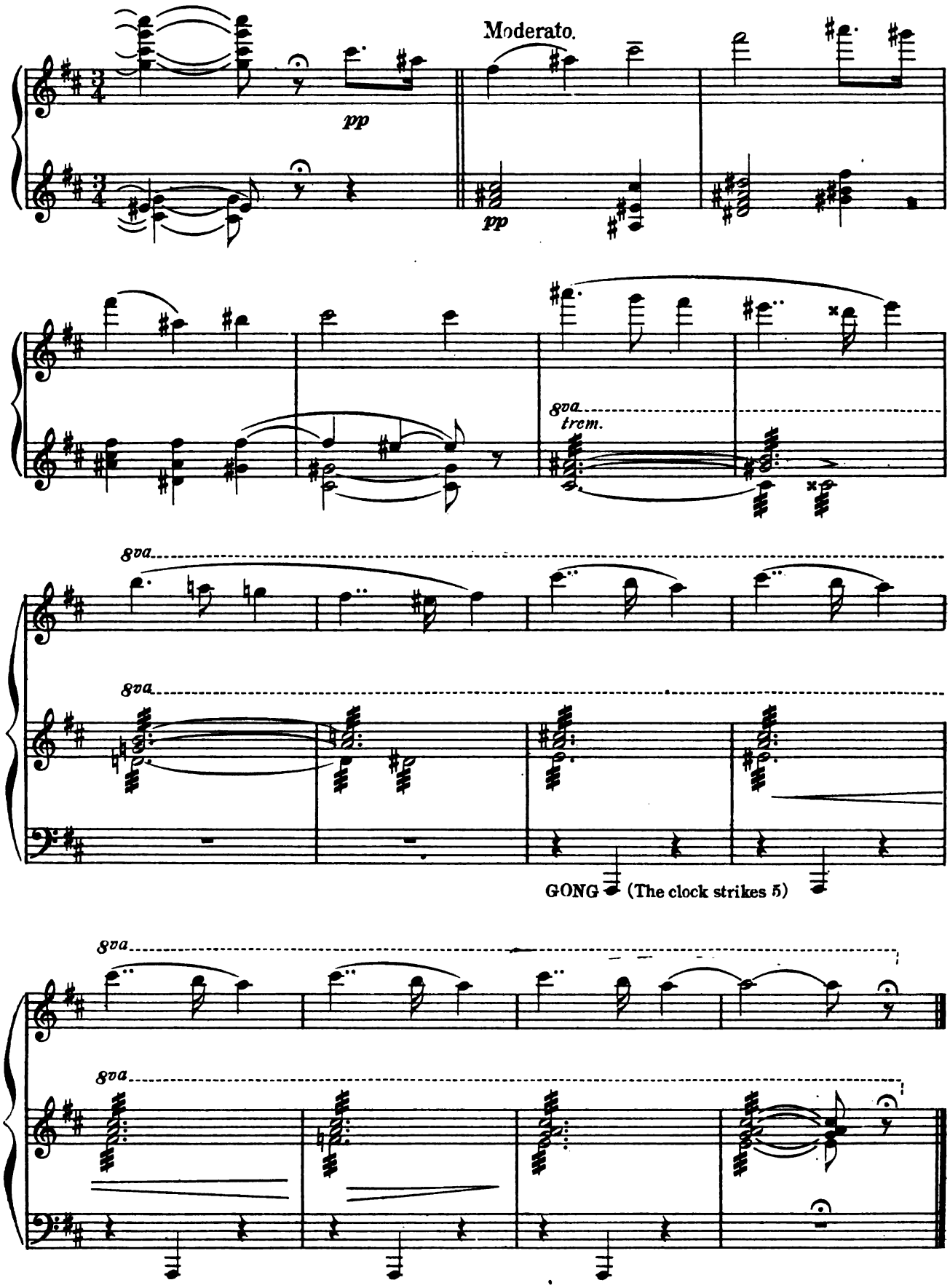

Nemo's dream.

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"REMEMBER THE OLD CONTINENTALS."

March Song.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo guisto.

ff

1. O'er the
2. There was

land from shore to shore, there's a rack - et and a roar, Un - cle
gal - lant Gen' - ral George, in his camp at Val - ley Forge, Where the

Sam is once a - gain a boy at play And at
sol - dier boys were starv - ing and in rags Sim - ple

night the sum - mer air with a mil - lion lights a - glare, tells the
heart - ed true and brave there their lives they glad - ly gave, with no

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world it's In-de-pen-dence day to-day, Bells of Li-ber-ty we ring, and A-
thought of an-y glo-ry but the flags, Tho' our na-tion then was small, all for

mer-i-ca we sing, for Old Glo-ry is in ev'-ry win-dow
one and one for all, those old vol-un-teers from work-shop, farm and

set From the Gol-den Gate to Maine, we have
field Came in ans-wer to the call, came to

sfz

fire-works on the brain but what we cel-e-brate for don't for-get. 1 & 2. Re-
con-quer or to fall in freedoms fight un-til the foe-man reeled.

ff *fz* *mf*

Remember.

Digitized by Google

-mem - ber the old Con - ti - nen-tals, those he-roes of days of

old who fought in their ragged reg - i - men-tals so

stead-y and brave and bold At Bun - ker Hill and at

Lex - ing - ton they won im-mor - tal praise Those

Remember.

Digitized by Google

he - roes, he - roes of Sev-en-ty - six In the old Co - lo-nial days

MALE CHORUS. Re-

allarg.

f *ff*

-mem - ber the old Con - ti - nen-tals, those he-roes of days of

old who fought in their ragged reg - i - men-tals so

Remember.

Digitized by Google

stea - dy and brave and bold at Bun - ker Hill, and at

those

Lex - ing - ton they won im-mor - tal praise those

he - roes, he - roes of Sev-en-ty - six, In the old Co - lo-nial days.

he - roes, he - roes of Sev'n - ty - six, In the old Co - lo-nial days.

allarg.

Remember.

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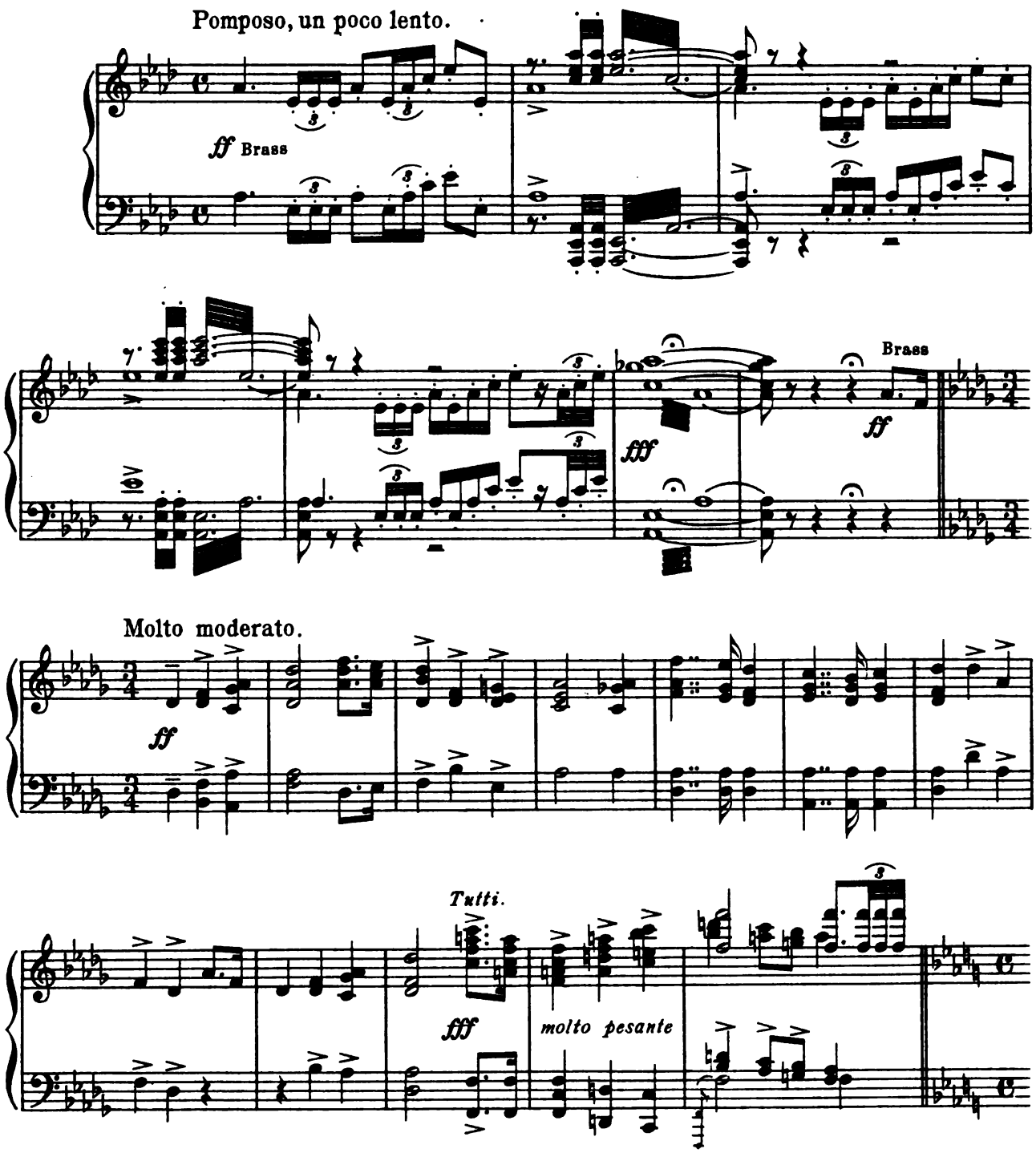
FINALE II.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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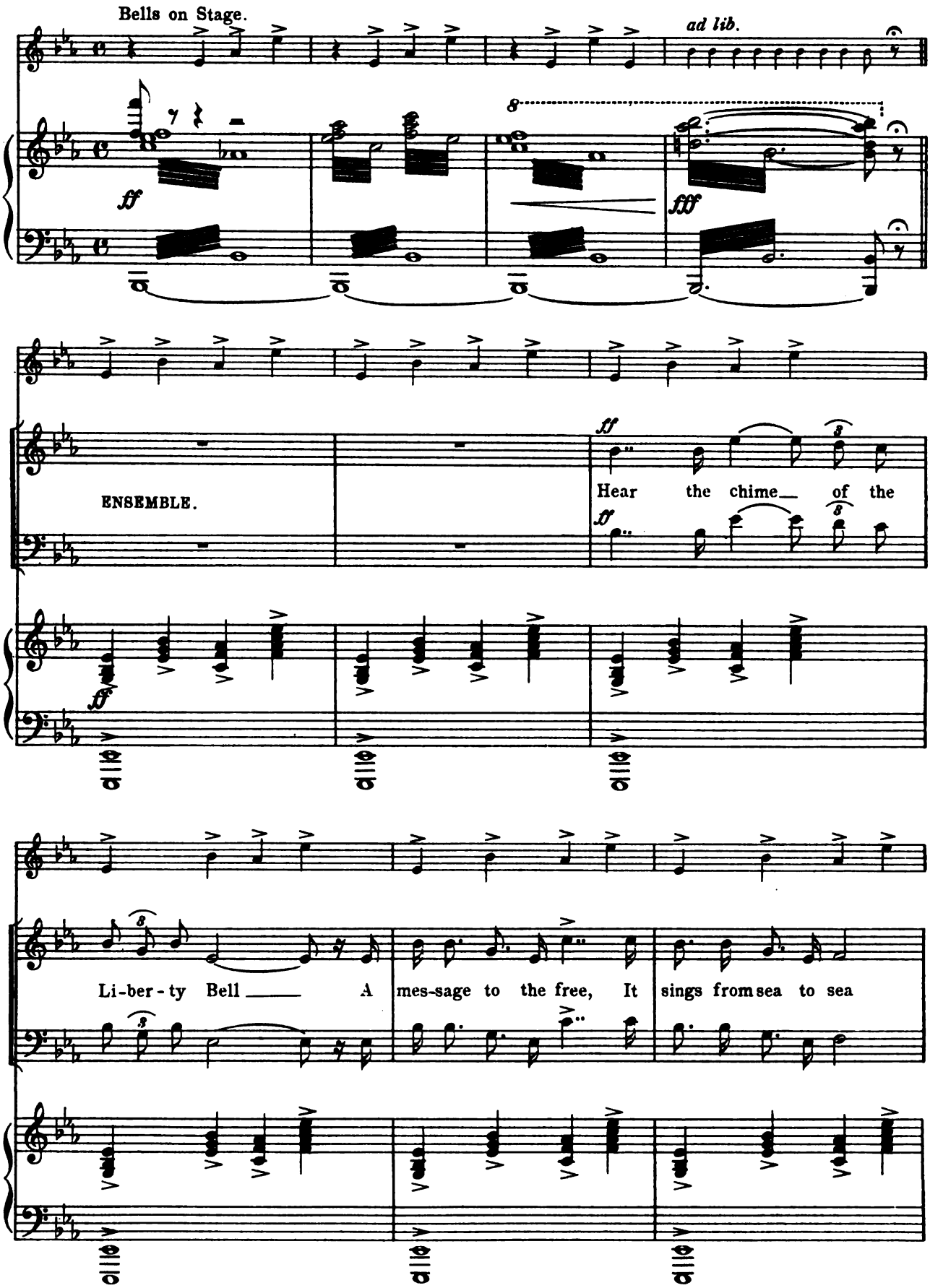

Finale II.

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Ring and swing, ring O Li-ber-ty Bell While proud-ly o-ver head, The

flag we love is spread To each heart now the me-lo-dies tell The

sffz

sto-ry of the past, the glo-ry that shall last Ev'-ry Yan-kee's

Finale II.

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heart must bound when he hears the Bell with stir - ring

fff

sound Ding Dong Ding Dong Ring

sffz *sffz* *sffz* *sffz*

Swing

8 *loco*

sffz *sffz* *sffz* *sffz*

fff

sffz

Finale II.

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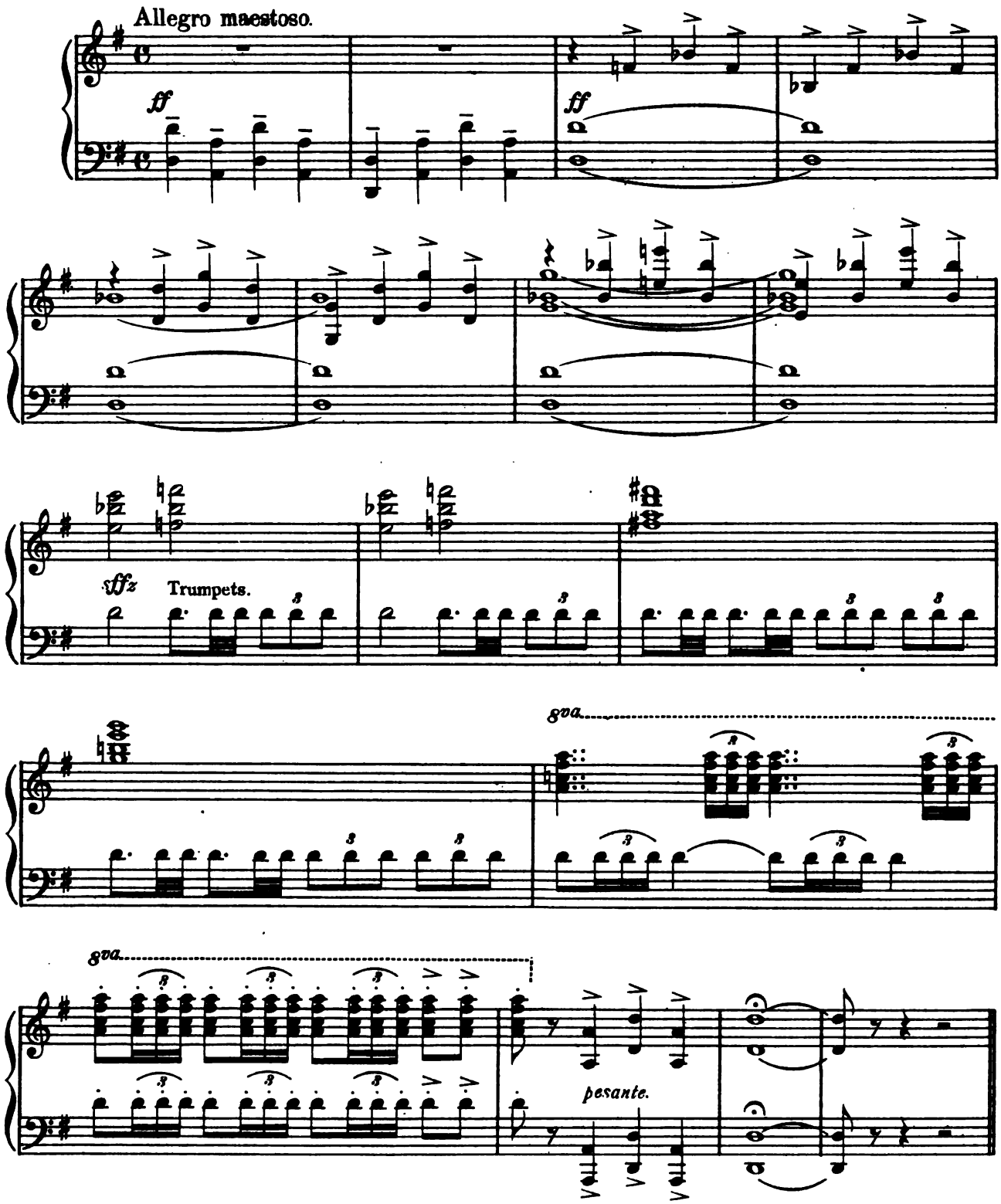
GIVE US A FLEET.

ACT III.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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Allegro con spirito.

f

1. Sai - lor! Sai - lor! whith - er are you go - ing lad?
2. Sai - lor! Sai - lor! round the earth you're sail-ing lad.

f

Why is it you're sail - ing to the dis - tant for - eign strand?
Lib - er - ty is point - ing out the way with flam - ing sword

Sai - lor! Sai - lor! sail - ing to the lit - tle lands
Sai - lor! Sai - lor! all the world you're show - ing, lad

Where they're on - ly half a - wake and need a help - ing hand
We to fight are rea - dy and we're keep - ing watch and ward

Give us a fleet.

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We shall have to take them up Noth - ing else will shake them up
All our past is glo - ri - ous We can be vic tor - i - ous

poco pesante. *rit.*

Let our ea - gle bear a - far our ban - ner proud and grand.
If they give us the ships we need to wait we can-not af - ford.

rit.

Poco Meno.

1 & 2. Give us a fleet that shall rule o'er the o - cean!

ten.

Kings of the sea from the East to the West

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Give us the ships to be there when we need them Your Un-cle

ritenente.

Sam has the men who can do all the rest.

ritenente.

ENSEMBLE.

fff

Give us a fleet that shall rule o'er the o - cean,

Tutta forza.

Give us a fleet.

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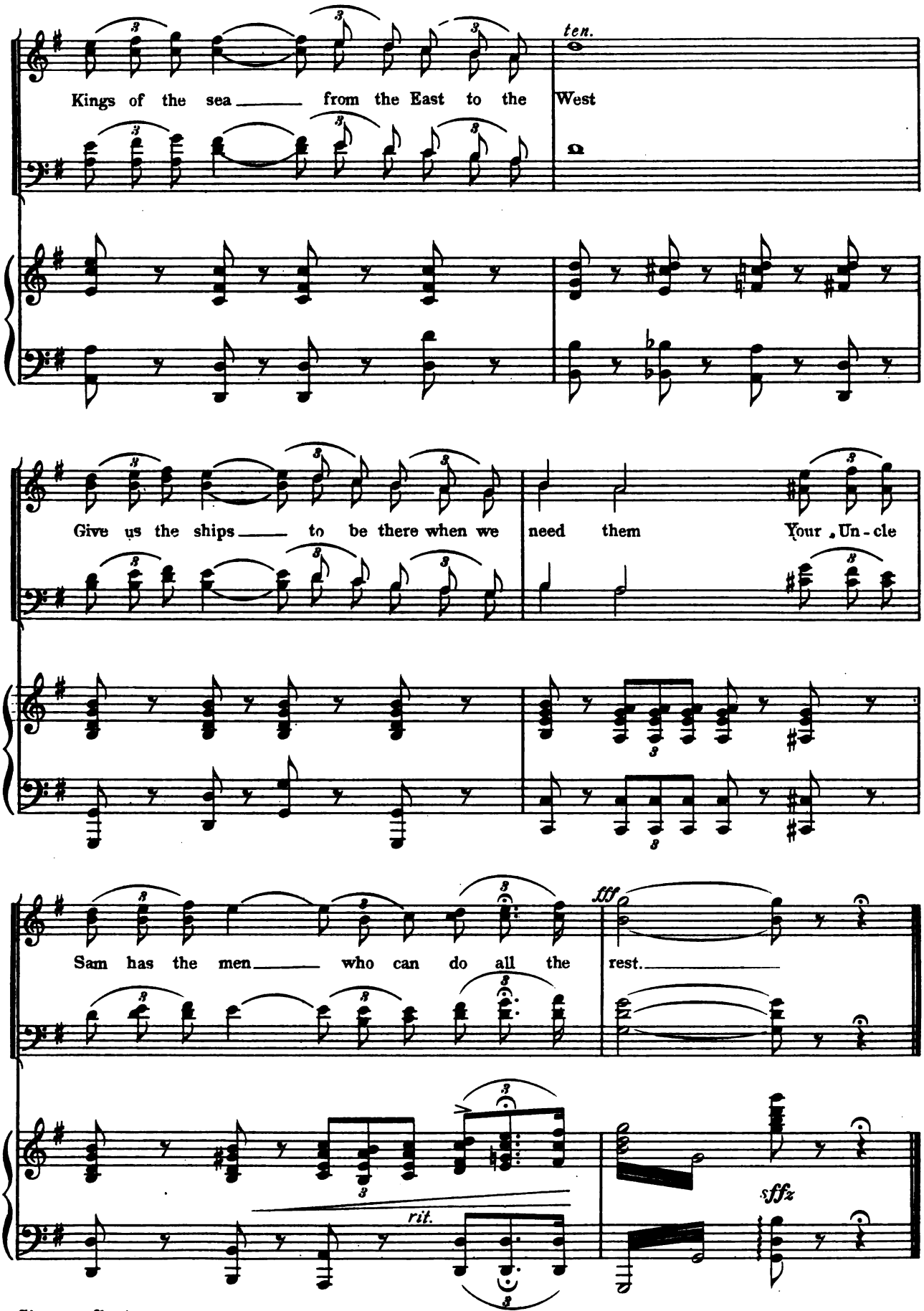

Give us a fleet.

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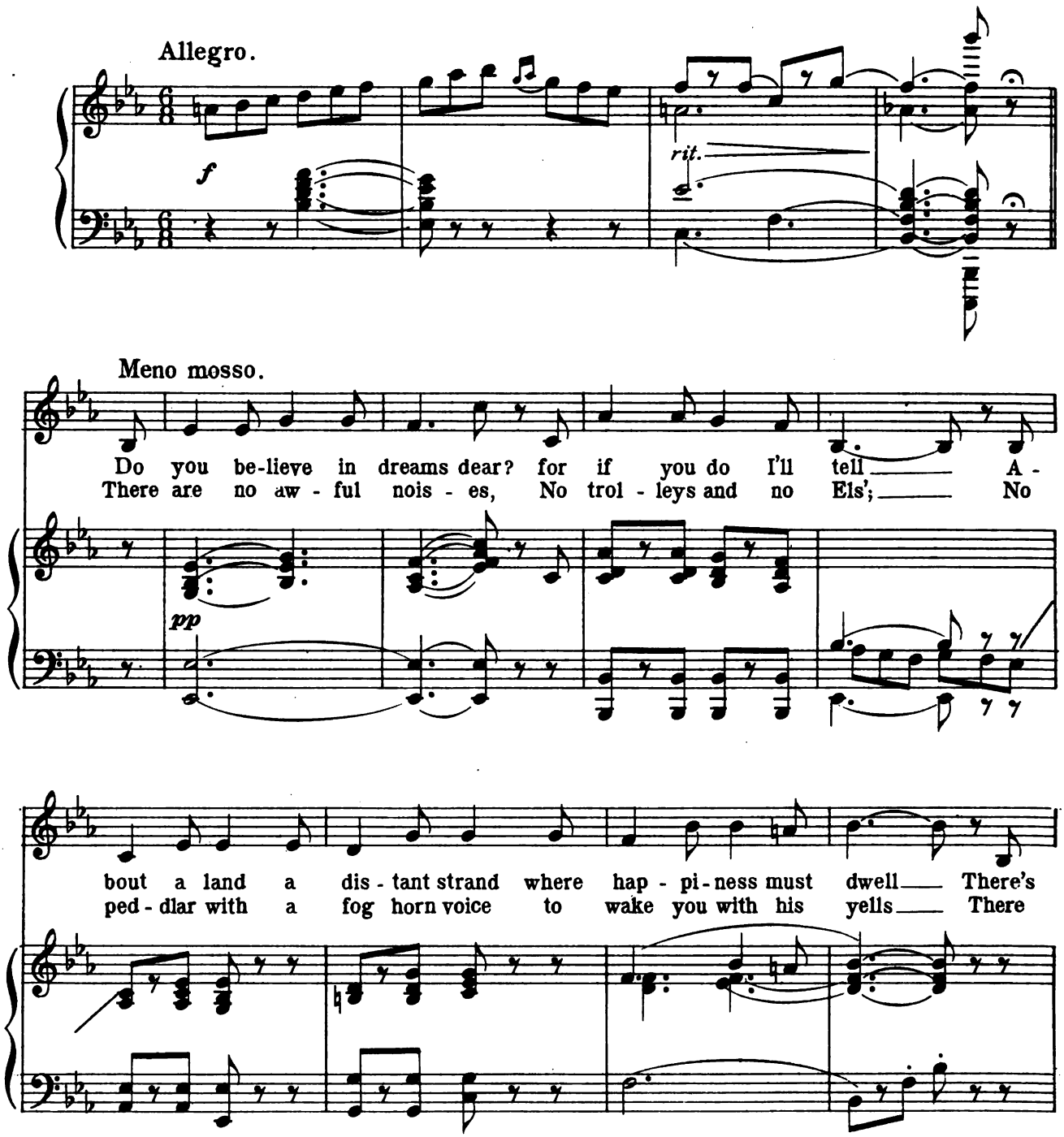
IN HAPPY SLUMBERLAND.

Trio.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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no such thing as work there and O it would be grand If
are no pi - an - o - las a' work - ing o - ver time Hand

we could go and al - ways live in drea - my Slum - ber -
or - gans are a - gainst the law, a phon - o - graph's a

Tempo di Valse.

rit. *a tempo*

land. In that hap - py Slum - ber - land It is
crime In that hap - py Slum - ber - land You will

rit. *a tempo* *p*

there I un - der - stand There's no such thing as
find no Ger - man band With clar - i - nets that

p *scherzando*

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bar - gain day Where wo - men throw their cash a - way, No one
whine and wheeze 'Way off the whole darn bunch of keys Or if

hangs to straps in cars No one ev - er has to
they will not de - part Just as soon as you com-

p *p*

stand The rule is there: no seat, no fare In that
mand You have a right to shoot at sight In that

rit. *a tempo*

rit. *a tempo*

hap - py Slum-ber - land. land.
hap - py Slum-ber - land. land.

1. 2.

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"WON'T YOU BE MY VALENTINE?"

Chorus.

After Song of Valentine Fairy.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo di Valse.

mf *f dim.*

Won't you be my Va - len - tine

If you look for

Sweet - heart mine, maid di - vine

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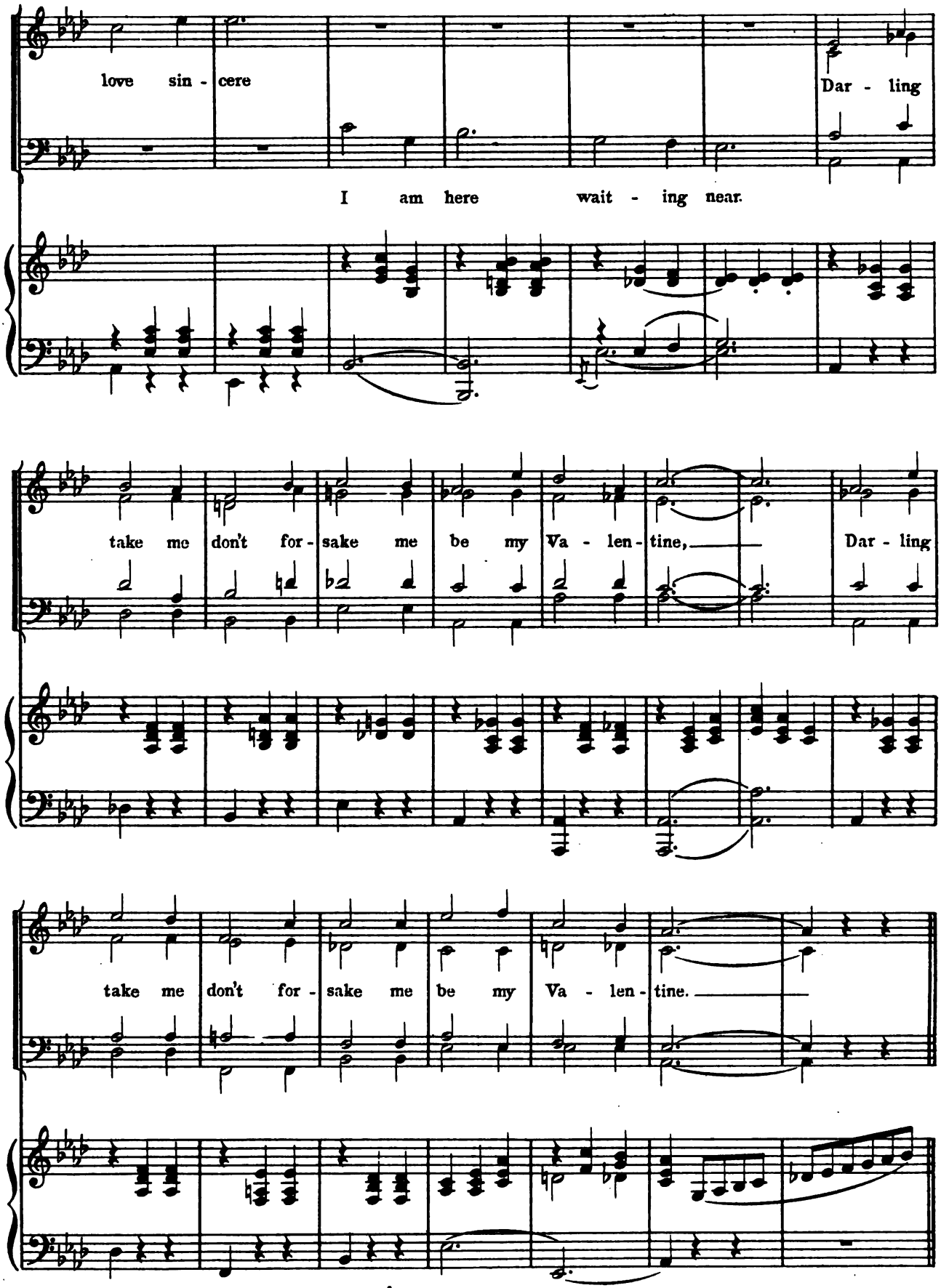

Won't you be my Valentine.

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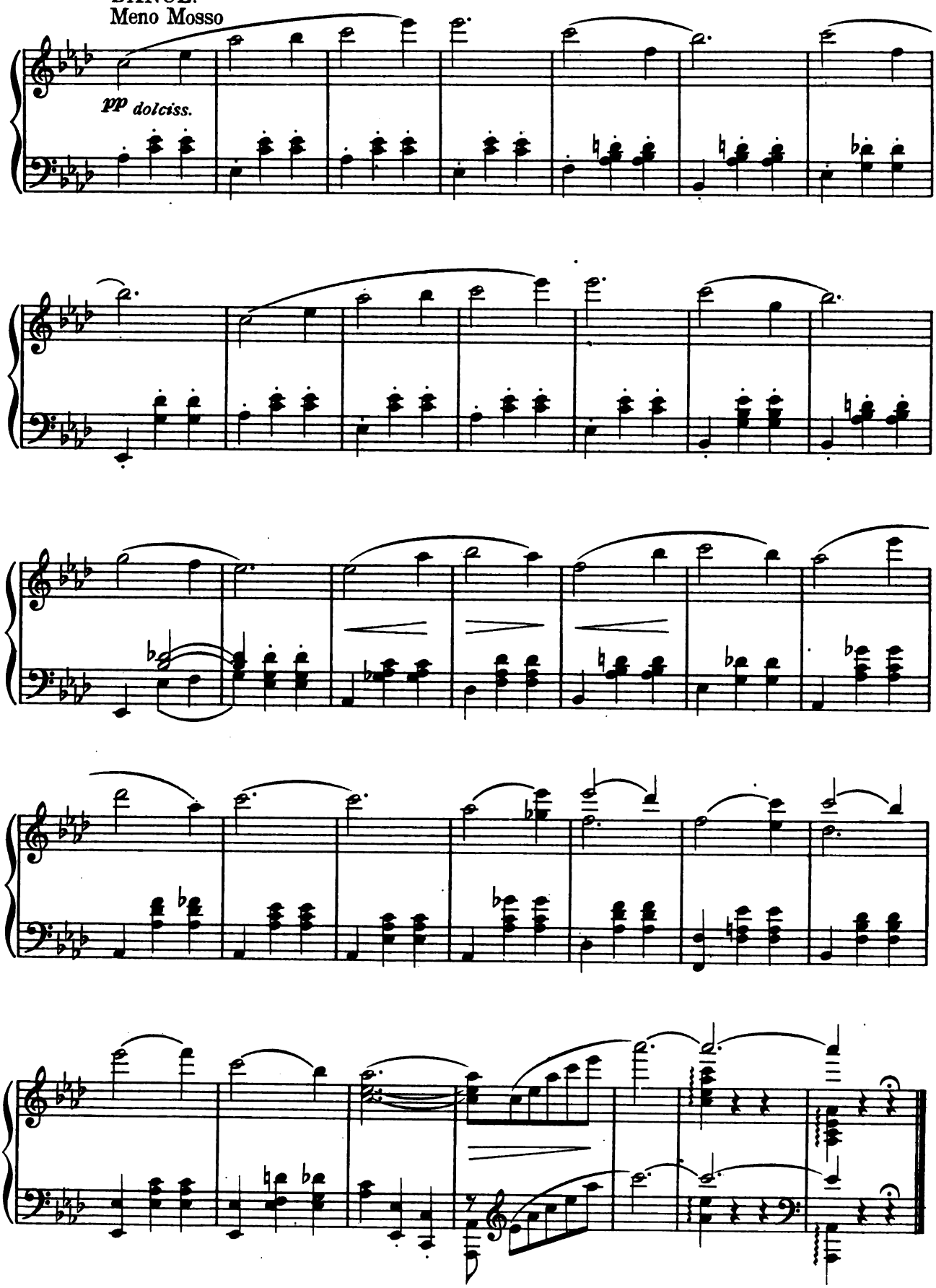
DANCE.
Meno Mosso



Won't you be my Valentine.

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